New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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COMMONWEALTH LITERATURE
A survey of writing in Canada, India Australia, New Zealand S. Africa, W. Africa and the Caribbean

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Profile of Strauss with VICKY drawing

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H. R. TREVOR-ROPER
Heresy Vindicated

★

PAUL JOHNSON
Crossman on Israel

★

Revolution in Africa

★

Where is Super-Mac's Deterrent?

THE elephantine cavortings of the trades union brass have for some weeks monopolised the political scene, to the exclusion of almost everything else. Open personal rivalries, centred in the dispute over Britain's possession of the H-bomb, have left the British public with the impression, carefully fostered by the press, that the leaders of the left – in both its political and industrial sectors – are incapable of resolving their differences, even on the vital question of defence. The public is invited to conclude that these men should, in no circumstances, be entrusted with the responsibilities of office.

It is difficult to blame the press for picturing the left in this light; certainly, some of its leaders have presented the papers, avid for striking headlines, with every temptation. Nevertheless, the net effect is a gross deception of the public. The Labour Party, still less the trades unions, carry no responsibility in defence matters, which, in this country, are the preserve of the government. The opposition is in fact very properly discharging its sole constitutional function, which is to subject defence, and other matters of national concern, to public discussion and so educate the electorate in the alternatives which face this country. The actual decisions have been and will continue to be made, in secret, by the government. It is there that the searchlight of public attention should be focused.

What would it reveal? Earlier this year, in its despairing attempt to maintain an 'independent' deterrent, the government opted to purchase a hypothetical weapon, Skybolt, from the US. Labour leaders attacked this decision, and raised detailed objections. In the few short months that have passed, all of these – and several others made by this journal – have been abundantly confirmed by fresh evidence. It is now clear that Skybolt cannot be carried even by the Mark II V-bombers without extensive and costly structural alterations in their fusilage; it is a moot point, indeed, whether it would not be cheaper to build an entirely new fleet. A further year's delay in Skybolt's completion has confirmed the view, expressed by Labour, that Skybolt would not be available until 1970. US aviation circles are increasingly doubtful whether Skybolt will be produced at all. Such is the uncertainty that two big British firms are now pressing the government for the go-ahead to produce an all-British aerial missile instead, at an initial cost of £100 million. Any idea that we would get a strategic weapon on the cheap has now been sadly abandoned, and new perspectives of profligacy yawn.

The results of government miscalculations and inertia are not, alas, confined to the heavy weapons field. It is a bitter joke at SHAPE that Britain's forces are now the worst-equipped of all General Norstad's command. Some of our infantry have still not been issued with an automatic rifle – which was standard equipment for the US army nearly two decades ago. The famous 'strategic reserve', announced by Mr Sandys in 1957, is still a figment of ministerial imagination.

Moreover, it is quite uncertain whether Britain will be able to maintain even its present defence effort. Economic crisis, detonated by Suez, first launched Mr Macmillan on his fraudulent 'defence on the cheap' policy. Many City observers now fear that a fresh crisis is on the way: for the apparent strength of our gold reserves reflects only the inflow of 'hot' money exploiting artificially high British interest-rates, which themselves act as a break on economic expansion. Meanwhile, our trade balance is deteriorating sharply; when this is reflected in industrial activity the 'hot' money – as our City columnist warns this week – can disappear as quickly as it came, leaving the government with a raging exchange crisis. This in turn would force Mr Macmillan to a further agonising defence reappraisal, which could transform the 'irresponsible' Mr Cousins into a paragon of conventional wisdom. In an age when defence is a luxury, all roads lead to Aldermaston.

Comments on the Week's News

Paris

His Master's Voice

Our Diplomatic Correspondent writes: General de Gaulle's press-conference was, even more than usual, a rag-bag of grandiose clichés, mutual contradictions and stimulating ideas. His scheme for a European Assembly, composed of delegates from national parliaments, and endorsed by a continental referendum, came surprisingly from such an inveterate opponent of supra-national organisations, particularly when these take the form of 'debating societies'. It contrasted oddly, moreover, with his denunciation of the 'so-called United Nations' and his insistence that defence must remain a purely national responsibility. The fact is, there is a deep, internal contradiction in De Gaulle's foreign policy. He hates any sacrifice of French sovereignty; at the same time, he wants to take advantage of the emerging mood of European solidarity for France to seize the leadership of West Europe and thus enforce her claim to membership of a Nato 'triumvirate', whose scope would cover the entire world. But he refuses to admit to himself that such a Europe cannot come into existence without a pooling of sovereignty, in the field of defence, as elsewhere. It is this contradiction which alarms Dr Adenauer, and has led him to extend a reluctant hand of friendship to Mr Macmillan. Paradoxically, therefore, De Gaulle's attempt to have his cake and eat it may end by producing a Europe dominated by Britain and West Germany.

On Algeria, De Gaulle had nothing new to say. He made it clear in advance that France will reject any UN Assembly decision (which now seems certain to be unfavourable), and he seems to be pinning his hopes on the success of local government schemes in Algeria, which he believes will produce a representative Arab elite, with whom France can negotiate. These hopes seem illusory; and even if they are justified, it will take years for such an elite to emerge. Meanwhile, the acceleration in the nationalist revolution elsewhere in Africa must undermine France's political position, and eventually her military one. The break-up of the French Community, which France had hoped would form a *cordon sanitaire* around the south of Algeria, means that the FLN can now establish new supply lines. De Gaulle must be aware of these future dangers. It would be wise, therefore, not to pay too much attention to his remarks on Algeria. His real policy is more likely to be evolving in the secret talks with FLN emissaries which are still continuing.

Peking

Love in a Marxist Climate

A Student of the Chinese press writes: The Red Flag Literary and Art Critique Group of Peking University recently worked out an encyclical on sacred (proletarian) and profane (bourgeois) love which was published in *Chung-kuo Ch'ing-nien* (China Youth). 'There is fundamentally no possibility for people of different classes to share common sentiments,' they argued. Only the bogey revisionists thought otherwise. 'They think that since the mother and child are related by blood, the mother is bound to love her child . . . This argument interprets maternal love as animal instinct, which is possessed by all mammals.' But Chairman Mao corrects this revisionist nonsense. According to him, 'Love is an ideological thing and the product of objective practice'. A 'concrete analysis' shows that 'there is no possibility for men of different times and classes to share the same kind of maternal love . . . The maternal love of the feudal lords is based upon the desire of begetting children to inherit the family wealth exploited from the peasants, while the maternal love of the peasants is based upon the desire of begetting children to keep the family well fed and clothed'. Enter the American devil to prove the point! 'In America today, a son was known to have planted a time-bomb in his mother's luggage so that he might inherit her wealth at an earlier date. This is the inevitable outcome of maternal love based upon money'. By contrast, inevitable according to the laws of Marx and Mao, 'proletarian love yields to the revolutionary interests and is based upon lofty Communist morality'. The mother of Huang Chi-kuang is given as an illustration: 'She loved her sons in the same way as she loved the 650 million people [of China] . . . In the Communist society, with class and private ownership eliminated, maternal love will bear no class status, and will be cut loose completely from the ideological influence of private ownership'.

Similarly, 'the love of the proletariat is different in essence from the love of all exploiting classes'. A folk song of the 'great leap forward' illustrates this in a story of a boy and girl, both 'heroic fellows' who fell in love. She carried away the soil as he dredged the pond until the stars disappeared and the sun rose, understanding each other though they never spoke to each other 'because there were too many people about'. These self-righteous students ask: 'Can this kind of love engendered in common labour be found in the exploiting classes?'

They then answered an imaginary question: 'Since love has a class origin, why is it that people of antagonistic classes can also fall in love with each other? It can thus be seen that love has no class character'. Such dangerous thoughts had to be stifled at birth and the pundits pronounced: 'We are of the opinion that it is entirely impossible for this kind of argument to be established'. They then quoted the case of Paul who was not yet 'a mature Bolshevik; he fell in love with the bourgeois Tunia' . . . Later, when Paul grew up to become a full-fledged staunch fighter from the proletariat, there was not a trace of love left in him for Tunia . . . and on the snow-covered railway station, he satirically addressed her as the 'sour and stinking' young lady. 'It can thus be seen', the students conclude, 'that it is fundamentally impossible for love to exist between antagonistic classes'.

New Delhi

Riotous Language

Our Delhi Correspondent writes: Some seven weeks after the event, many in parliament and outside are beginning to realise that Assam has passed through the worst language riots that the country has witnessed since independence. A fact-finding delegation of MPs has given details of the mob violence in the state. But it has reached the conclusion that grave as the disturbances were, the situation is on the mend, and that there is no danger of a recurrence. It feels, therefore, that central intervention is not warranted.

Parliamentary opinion generally may not question the wisdom of this conclusion at present, but is nevertheless disturbed by the fact that Assam is by no means the only state where fanatical linguistic or regional desires for separation should have become glaringly evident. This has even moved some to ask if constitutional amendments to change or modify the federal structure are not called for. Strategic regions like Punjab continue to be troubled by the language issue, and a murmur of linguistic discontent is heard even from newly formed states like Gujerat. The most recent concession, Nagaland, has in part at least encouraged the leaders of the Hill Districts of Assam, who met at Shillong recently, to demand separation. Should their demand be heeded, some half a dozen small states in the region would probably emerge.

It is clear enough where the centrifugal tendency towards linguistic identity can lead: it can take the country to political fragmentation, on a basis more natural and therefore more difficult to counter than the artificial division of the sub-continent into Pakistan and India on the basis of nurtured religious differences.

It is obvious that after the need for unity in India's independence struggle passed, people started to move towards some kind of *status quo ante*. In Maharashtra, for instance, they began to look back nostalgically to the days of Shivaji; in Punjab, the Sikhs dreamed of the Khalsa empire of Maharaja Ranjeet Singh; in Assam people began to think of reviving the Ahom kingdom; in the south they began to visualise a purely Dravidian world. All this was undoubtedly encouraged by the feeling of nationalism which filtered down making smaller and smaller groups cohesive and separate. The government strengthened the tendency towards separatism by redrawing the country's map to make states coincide with different linguistic areas. Inevitably some minorities were left on the wrong side, and the result is the prevailing friction.

Africa's Other Revolution. T. F. Betts 329
This England 330
London Diary. Critic 330
The Bavarian Bull 332
Leo and the Dogs. W. John Morgan .. 334
Arts and Entertainment. Jeremy Brooks, David Drew, William Whitebait, David Sylvester 335
Correspondence 338
Commonwealth Literature. Walter Allen, Ezekiel Mphahlele, Mordecai Richler, Khushwant Singh, James McAuley, Henry Swanzy, James Bertram, Abioseh Nicol 341
Poems. Derek Walcott, Judith Wright, Gordon Challis 341
Books in General: Heresy Vindicated. H. R. Trevor-Roper 355
Reviews. Paul Johnson, Ralph Partridge, Paul Scott 356
Week-end Competitions 359
City Lights. Taurus 360

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The linguistic problem is of course a long-term one. Some are able to take comfort with Professor Toynbee in the theory that the fragmentational process, even though disruptive, is necessary in the world's movement towards democratic unity. But such a distant and historical view does not come easily to most people, and anxiety is increasing here in New Delhi.

Colombo

The Newspaper Crisis

A Correspondent writes: The widespread criticism of the Ceylon government's plan to take over the country's two newspaper groups and hand them to fresh owners, the government included, has apparently caused no second thoughts. If the scheme goes through it will be a bad precedent. Any massive government interference with the organisation of a free press is justly suspect. But it would be wrong to overlook the malaise that exists in Ceylon over a too monolithic press. Seven out of eight of Ceylon's newspapers are in the hands of Associated Newspapers and the *Times of Ceylon.* They include the *Observer* (and its Sunday counterpart), the *Ceylon Daily News,* the *Sunday Times,* and two dailies published in Sinhalese. The combined circulation (large in a population of 8 million) is about 400,000. Outside the two groups, both of which support the conservative United National Party, are only the Tamil-language *Virakesari* (20,000 circulation) and a few small-circulation periodicals. However, a major motive of Mrs. Bandaranaike's government in deciding on the take-over was, clearly, anger with newspapers which had attacked the Sri Lanka Freedom Party unscrupulously during the recent election campaign. Antagonism against newspapers considered 'neo-colonialist' – such as was expressed last year against the *Straits Times* in Singapore – can hardly be a factor in Ceylon. For the *Times of Ceylon* was bought by Ceylonese from its British owners in 1954; while Associated Newspapers was founded three decades ago by D. R. Wijewardene, a supporter of Ceylon's moderate brand of nationalism, and a friend of D. S. Senanayake and Sir Oliver Goonetileke. His biography, just published in Colombo, is the story of a remarkable newspaper tycoon. Buddhist and Cambridge-educated, Wijewardene, who died in 1950, played a leading part in the pressure for self-government and the founding of the University of Ceylon. He was a prototype of middle-class, capitalistic Asian nationalism, closely associated with plantation and other business interests. But for this very reason conflict between the conservative press ring which he left behind him and radicals like the Bandaranaikes and the Ceylonese Marxists was inevitable.

The mistake of Mrs Bandaranaike and her radical SLFP government is, however, to assail a newspaper monopoly with the negative weapons of expropriation when there are plenty of positive ways of challenging it. The government might have encouraged the launching of new and competitive ventures – for example by offering tax-holidays and special importing facilities to founders of fresh newspapers; it might have aided trade unions and co-operatives to start papers; or even have founded one itself. Any of these courses would have been preferable to state suppression with its inevitably intimidatory effect on all press activity, and its attendant danger that the opponents of the present government, when they return to power, will retaliate in kind and perpetuate a vicious circle of interference with freedom of expression in Ceylon.

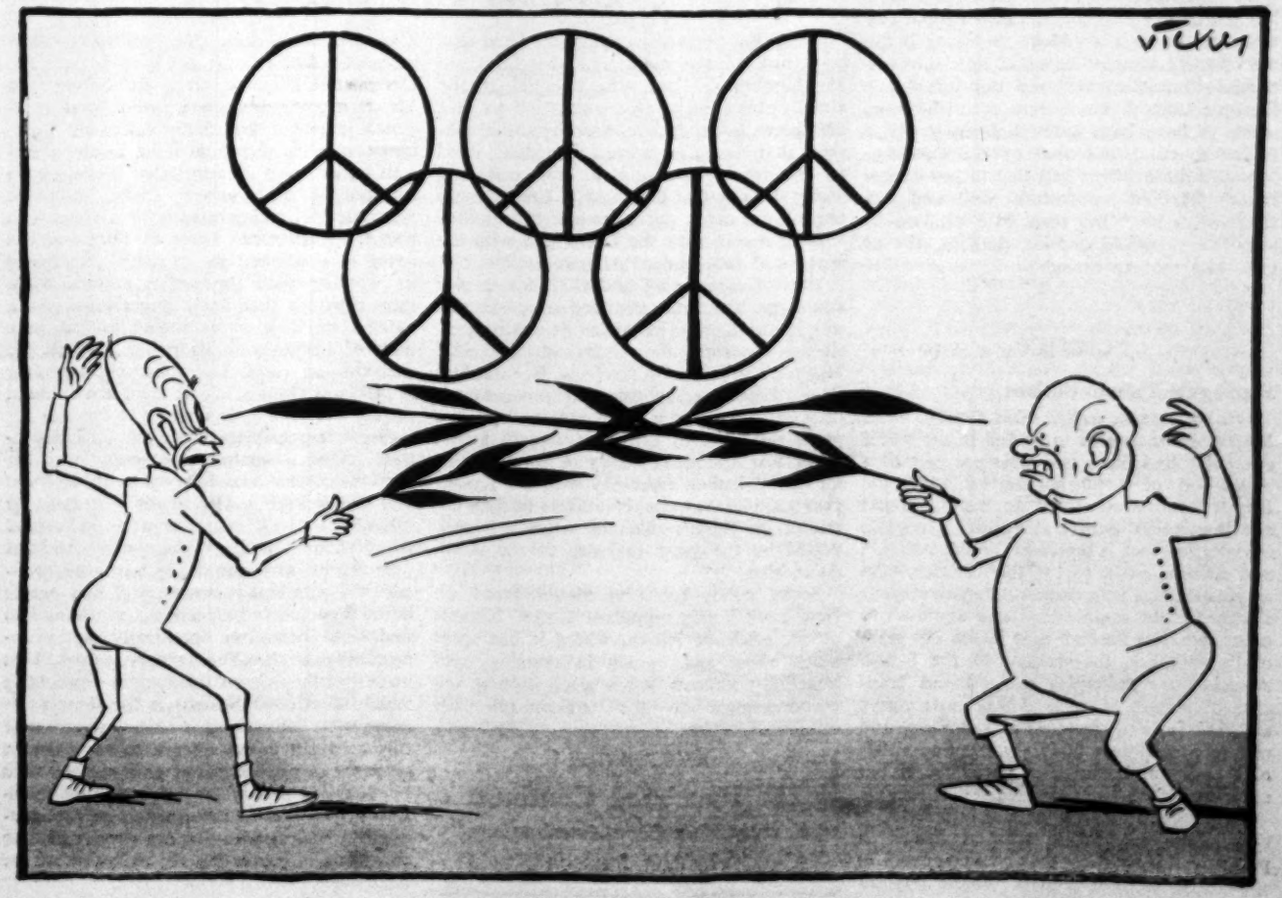
Olympics

We Wus Robbed!

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* The one surprise of the Olympic Games is that they have ended agreeably. There has been no major international incident, the various teams, even the Russians and the Americans, finished where they began – on speaking terms – and everyone praised the Italian authorities for their skilful organisation.

Otherwise, for Britain at any rate, the Games went as usual. Most of the popular sports writers boosted British chances extravagantly and then savaged any athlete who failed to live up to their forecasts. Some British performers showed more energy in devising excuses for failure – 'It was too hot' or 'the refereeing was bad' or 'the Amateur Athletic Association didn't give us time to acclimatise ourselves' or, even, 'Some of those foreign girls are men' – than they did in trying to achieve success; and the British commentators, for the BBC or for the Press, concentrated so much on the British performers, usually trailing far behind, that the eventual success, in event after event, of a pack of foreigners seemed inexplicable, even rather indecent.

It is untrue to say that the Games have exploded the myth of Britain's supremacy in sport, since that myth was exploded many years ago; but they did help still further to expose two other myths to which we have clung since the first world war. One is that



what matters about sport is the taking part in it, which, indeed, was one of the basic ideas behind the original Games. In fact, however, so far as Britain – and probably most other countries – are concerned, the Olympic Games are not international get-togethers of brotherly sportsmen, but forums for tense nationalistic rivalries in which what matters is the number of gold, silver or bronze medals your country can acquire.

The other myth whose hollowness the Games have helped to reveal is that though Britain may no longer know how to win she at least knows how to lose. Not only our sportsmen but also our commentators, writers and spectators, it used to be said, were gracious and fairminded in defeat, unlike these whistling Continentals and revolver-toting South Americans. Who can really say that now? Our football season has barely opened; yet already two referees have had to receive police protection against fans who disagreed with their decisions. The Big Fight between Richardson and London was fought with tongues and heads as much as with fists and was, in any event, nothing like so big a fight as the one that developed at the finish in Porthcawl between relatives, friends, seconds and referee, with the police intervening. In greyhound racing, it is apparently becoming fashionable to leap the rails and tackle the leading dog if your own fancy has got off to a bad start; and British horse racing seems more a matter for amateur chemists than it is for sportsmen, amateur or professional.

If one looks at the amount of space which newspapers give to tips about how to win money on the football pools in comparison with the amount they give describing the actual matches one gets the impression that what now matters to us is not the sport itself but the money that a few lucky people can make out of it. It would be surprising if the non-sporting atmosphere which now seems to prevail in this country did not infect our Olympic team. Yet one competitor, at least, seems to have been immune from it. After failing to reach the final of the Dressage, Mrs Brenda Williams had this to say of her horse: 'He did wonderfully well and was right at his best'. But then, Mrs Williams is sixty-five years old and so, perhaps, out of tune with modern thought.

Science

Feeding the Unborn Billions

RITCHIE CALDER *writes from Cardiff:* With 100,000 extra mouths to be fed in the world every day and the inescapable prospect of a population of 4,000 million by 1980, the British Association staged an historic 'Food and Population' debate at Cardiff this week. Historic, because it represents an encouraging new attitude on the part of the scientists – the acceptance of a long-denied collective responsibility for the implications and applications of science. For the first time in the 129 years of its existence, the sections of the British Association representing the different branches of science abandoned their sovereignty and their jealously-guarded independence and met as a corporate body – not as physicists or chemists or botanists or physiologists, but as 'scientists'.

Only those on the inside of British Association affairs can realise what it means to persuade 15 sections to abandon over 70 specialised lectures and a whole day of 'family' discussions and merge with their colleagues, or, as many of them did, to pursue a common theme on their own sectional level. The interesting thing was that, when confronted with a subject of vital concern to all mankind, no section found itself exempt. The physics section, with the Astronomer Royal as its President, nevertheless came down to earth with food-preservation (by atomic radiation) and refrigeration. Zoology found itself exploring the possibilities of sea-ranching and fish-farming. Botany staged an atom-gun wedding between wheat and rye, with radiations to deal with the recalcitrant chromosomes which stood in the way of progeny which would have the food-virtues of wheat and the climatic toughness of rye. Psychology recognised that food-idiosyncracies probably waste as much food as all the rodents of the world devour. Anthropology in a session led by Dr Kathleen Kenyon, Director of the British School of Archaeology, Jerusalem, dealt with food production in the ancient world and among primitive modern peoples.

In the British Association precedents are important – if only to justify the unprecedented, as on this occasion. The persuaders could point out that 'Food and Population' was in the BA tradition. After all, at the turn of the century, Sir William Crookes, as President, found another justification for Malthus when he foretold the food-death of the world through the exhaustion of nitrates. He was answered not only by the chemist, Haber, with his fixation of nitrogen from the air, but by the plant-breeders who presently rediscovered Mendel and tailor-made plants to defeat natural limitations. In 1934, the first-ever joint session in which the physiology, agriculture and economic sections combined, was on nutrition and the following year John Boyd Orr produced his figures on 'Food, Health and Income' which made nutrition a political issue and prepared the way for what is now FAO.

Appropriately, the BA symposium provided, once again, the scientific basis for the 'Freedom from Hunger Campaign' which Boyd Orr's successor as Director-General of FAO, Mr Sen, has launched. Dr Norman Wright, the Deputy Director-General, who until his appointment was General Secretary of the British Association, was one of the leading participants.

The others were Professor D. V. Glass, dealing with the trends in world population; Professor W. Arthur Lewis, dealing with the economic conditions for greater output; Dr L. Dudley Stamp, on land use; Sir Alexander Fleck, former chairman of ICI, on industrial and technological needs; Dr H. D. Kay, on Science and Food Production; and Professor P. M. S. Blackett, whose presidential address to the Association four years ago on the needs of underdeveloped territories swung the BA along the new road of social responsibility.

One thing was clear from this massive reappraisal. The world can feed its multiplying population, by obvious methods which science and common-sense can determine. It is not the numbers which are frightening; it is the rate of increase. Even assuming a complete acceptance of birth-control and a cheap and reliable form of contraception, that still would not materially affect the trend which will give us a minimum of 4,000 million in twenty years – in the matrimonial lifetime of the 1,800 teenage members of the BA.

UN in the Congo

Mr Hammarskjold has taken the right step in cutting off the radio and airstrips from Mr Lumumba. That was essential if the already sufficiently confused situation was not to degenerate into general anarchy and bloodshed. It at least gives a breathing space, stops an immediate extension of the war and makes it likely that the Security Council may be able to carry out a constructive policy without a split with the USSR and with the support of independent African nations.

The stakes are vast and the risks in any case large. The issues involved are peace and war in the Congo, in Africa generally, possibly in the world; the survival of the United Nations also hangs on the issue. For the first time it has earned its title and shown that it may be in practice a force able to keep the peace and even to bring together in action states that are ideologically in conflict. For the Soviet Union, especially with Mr Krushchev going to America, is unlikely to flout the rest of the Security Council when it is supported by the great majority of the Afro-Asian bloc.

Soviet policy has been double-faced. In New York it has supported United Nations action, while in Africa, where it has spent much effort and money in creating anti-imperialist contacts, it has given support and encouragement to the irresponsible Mr Lumumba. In fact, the orthodox anti-imperialist line became out of date once the UN got the Belgians out of the Congo, and Mr Krushchev has once again been compelled to realise that nationalism, not Communism, is the dominant issue in any emergent nation once its imperialist masters have surrendered their power. China, excluded from the UN and constantly threatened with war from American bases in Formosa, has never been allowed the practical experience of working with imperialist nations when they begin to shed their imperialism. As a natural result it alone maintains the pure milk of Leninism in its policy towards the undeveloped world. Today its only supporter in Africa is Guinea, whose President is about to make the symbolic journey to Peking.

Great responsibility now rests on independent African states, especially on Mr Nkrumah, who has behaved with restraint and statesmanship. His object – it must be the object of all Africans who understand the situation – is an Africa run by Africans who accept from technically advanced countries the help that is necessary if they are to become genuinely independent states, and to maintain themselves politically and economically in the 20th century world. That means, in the case of the Congo, a period in which the United Nations is for some years responsible for order and economic aid. And this need not be an offence to any African since the immediate power on the spot would be exercised mainly by the Congolese themselves, with the aid and support of the independent Africa states that are already playing their part in preventing the extension of the civil war.

NEXT WEEK

The Plundered Continent

A survey of the Latin-American scene

by PAUL JOHNSON

Africa's Other Revolution

T. F. BETTS

The author, who is the Assistant Commonwealth Officer of the Labour Party, has made an intensive study of agricultural economics in African territories.

This year British agriculture will receive £259 million in subsidies, equivalent to over £8 for every acre of agricultural holdings, exclusive of rough grazing, in the British Isles, or well over £300 for every full-time and part-time farm worker.

There may be sound reasons, political or strategic, for so generous an attitude, but it contrasts strangely with our actions towards the needier regions of the world. In the United Kingdom only 5 per cent, and in Europe as a whole 32 per cent, of the population is dependent on agriculture and forestry for their livelihood. But in the greater land masses of the world where so large a proportion of its peoples are concentrated, in Asia, South and Central America and Africa, between two thirds and three quarters of the population derive their living from the soil. By their efforts they contribute great tonnages of food and raw materials to the industrialised countries. Yet, owing to their technical backwardness, they themselves live near the starvation line. Moreover this is a situation of increasing concern to the world as population increase outpaces the capacity to produce. The industrialised countries now recognise the urgency of this problem and economic aid to under-developed countries is a main theme of international discussion. But efforts hitherto have been directed mainly to the development of mineral resources and industry, of hydro-electric power and railways, and to the improvement of social services and the conquest of disease. Valuable as these are they do not go to the heart of the problem. Our generosity to our own farmers must be matched by a concerted effort to achieve a great agrarian revolution in the truly agricultural regions of the world.

Nowhere is this more obvious than in Africa. The continent, with 73 per cent of its people dependent on the soil, tops all the other land masses in this respect. Yet its crop yields are the lowest in the world, the carcass weights of its cattle and sheep one third to one half of those of Europe, and milk yields a tenth of those obtained by European dairy farmers. The main reason for this is the lack of means for maintaining or enhancing the fertility of the soil. The African cultivator is largely denied the organic manures, derived from animal husbandry, which play so vital a part in temperate zone agriculture. Over large regions the presence of sleeping sickness severely limits the use of domestic animals, and where cattle can thrive they are often in the hands of nomadic peoples who are only partially integrated, if at all, in the farming cycle. The use of human nightsoil, which has been the salvation of Chinese agriculture, is occasionally practised, but taboos and ignorance of modern methods of composting this material without risk to health have prevented its general adoption.

Nor, despite the efforts of their agricultural officers, have governments been forward in inculcating the use of artificial fertilisers, or in making them available at a practicable cost. In the British African territories, exclusive of the Union, 85 per cent of the gross domestic product, between 1950 and 1957, was derived from agriculture, forestry and fisheries; and mining and manufacturing accounted for only 8.5 and 5.5 per cent respectively. In 1957 the overall output of their main agricultural products was between 40 and 50 million tons, of which their exports accounted for 2.5 million tons. Yet the consumption of artificial fertilisers in these territories in that year was only 70,000 tons plant nutrient and much the greater part of this was concentrated upon the European farms and estates of the Central African Federation and Kenya. The threat to soil fertility, moreover, increases every year with the accelerating demand for cash crop production to enhance territorial revenues and provide foreign exchange for development. The annual removal of such heavy tonnages of crops from farms to which nothing is returned constitutes mining of the soil, which is the crudest form of exploitation.

The lack of media for maintaining soil fertility forces the great majority of African cultivators to continue the practice of shifting cultivation. This requires that four fifths of the land must at any time be left idle to recover from the effects of unmanured cropping, and must then again be laboriously cleared of the exuberance of woody growth which is the farmers' guarantee of its renewed fertility. In a subsistence environment the system was a sound one, though wasteful of human effort and uneconomical of land use. But with increasing population pressure and the widespread introduction of cash crops the natural fallow period is being narrowed down to a point which makes it impossible for the soil to recover fertility. And even where land is plentiful the primitive tools in use, and the great effort involved in clearing, severely limits the acreage which it is possible for a family to cultivate. The answer lies in rotational cropping on a permanent basis, but for this the use of manures is essential.

Experimental work on the effects of artificial fertilisers on African crops is well advanced. In the Central African Federation, for example, it has been demonstrated that with the ploughing in of trash and proper manuring, maize, the staple diet of the African, can be grown on a permanent rotation with a yield of 35 to 40 bags to the acre. The average for all European farms in Southern Rhodesia is now over ten bags to the acre. But the average for the Africans of the Protectorates, to most of whom fertilisers and ploughs are not available, is only three or four bags. Similarly, in Nigeria, it has been shown that on rice farms the application of one and a half cwt. of sulphate of ammonia, costing less than £2, can give extra paddy yields per acre worth up to £30. In other experiments the application of two cwt. of the same fertiliser has doubled the normal yield of yams.

These are among the more spectacular results, but there have been many others which promise considerable increases in yield, but which are considered uneconomic because the increase does not cover the high unsubsidised cost of the fertiliser applied. This is a short-sighted and academic decision because it takes too little account of the human economies of permanent cultivation. If the African cultivator can be relieved of the task of land clearing, and of the competition with his crops that imperfect clearing provides, and if he can with fertilisers obtain the necessary subsistence for himself and his family from smaller acreages, he can then afford the energy to grow other crops within the rotation. These will provide variety in his diet and improve his physical well-being. They will also bring in the modest cash surpluses which, through personal expenditure on improved housing, clothing and education, and through taxation, are the starting point of real social development.

But our agricultural revolution will not be achieved by the use of fertilisers alone. A number of other measures will be needed which will require heavy expenditure by both the cultivator and the state. Among these the provision of better tools is of the utmost importance. At present the majority of African farmers use a hand hoe for the tillage of the soil. This has the disadvantage that it penetrates only a few inches into the earth, causing the formation of a concreted sub-soil layer which is bad for soil drainage and is extremely difficult for crop roots to penetrate. The answer is, of course, the use of the plough, but this is only possible where means of traction are available. Since bullocks are susceptible to sleeping sickness, and their training in the number required an impossibly lengthy business, tractors will have to be used. But these can only be economically operated where permanent cropping has replaced shifting cultivation and where farmers can be induced to come together in a common association, a co-operative, to provide an adequate area of operation for each machine.

These problems, on such a scale, present enormous difficulties, but a plunge towards industrialisation is no alternative. It is true that the processing of a country's products within its own borders can enhance their value and assist the balance of payments. This is equally true of the production of manufactured goods for local consumption, particularly materials such as cement and fertilisers which are basic to development. But an over-hasty and unselective concentration on industrialisation, which may in particular circumstances have political motives behind it – as in Southern Rhodesia where it is being used for the support of a white immigration policy – has many disadvantages. It enforces the narrow concentration of available development funds on the provision of ancillary services such as power and urban utilities, and distorts the pattern of communications and port facilities. It leads to the neglect of indigenous agriculture, through the lack of adequate residual funds and by drawing off the cream of the manpower from the rural areas. This in turn may bring, in a basically agricultural country, the threat of famine and the necessity to import food. Moreover, however intensive the industrial expansion, it rarely provides a job intake comparable with the natural population increase. Finally, unless industrial expansion is preceded or paralleled by a revolution in agricultural methods, industry will be limited by the inadequate purchasing power of the people, and glaring differences in income and social advancement will be created, both between races and between the dwellers in urban and rural areas.

All these phenomena are to be observed in the Central African Federation where, by common consent, industrial expansion has in recent years been remarkable. Here an annual increase of 200,000 in the African population results in an addition each year of 50,000 Africans of job-seeking age; whereas, between 1954 and 1957 the number of Africans employed in manufacturing industry increased by only 30,000. Here also, between

1953 and 1957, the gross national product increased by 45 per cent, while average African wages in Southern Rhodesia rose from £57 a year in 1954 to £81 in 1959, and non-African from £841 to £1,134. Yet nearly 5 million people in the Federation remain outside the wage-earning structure, and today the average gross income for Africans in the rural areas is £19 only, and their cash income between £5 and £7.

The considerations we have discussed open up vistas of financial and technical needs which hitherto have received far too little recognition. Peasant agriculture is a field in which private foreign investment has no part. What is needed is grant aid to help subsidise fertiliser and tractor costs and as a contribution to major capital works such as irrigation; and cheap loan aid which can be passed on to the cultivator himself at a not too prohibitive cost. Needed also is an intensive survey of fertiliser sources within the territories themselves, with special attention paid to the utilisation of coal deposits and natural gas.

In some regions these needs are beginning to be recognised. The new Pakistan and Indian development plans, which have been approved by World Bank experts, have allocated more funds to agriculture than to any other single item, and include provision for a massive expansion of state owned fertiliser factories. The World Bank has itself, as a new departure, recently made three considerable loans, to Southern Rhodesia, the Congo and Kenya, for African agricultural development. But nothing in the nature of a comprehensive campaign has yet been mounted. Our own government still adheres to its faith in private investment as the main instrument of overseas development. It is true that it has made grants for colonial agriculture from Colonial Development and Welfare funds. But these have averaged little more than £2 10s a year, and the whole sum of CD & W funds, provided for all purposes for all our territories, for the five years 1960-64, is less than four-fifths of one year's subsidies to British agriculture. For the rest, our territories, dependent and newly independent, are expected to rely on Exchequer and Commonwealth Assistance loans, which are unsuitable for this purpose because their terms are rigid and interest rates too high.

But even when funds are found there remains the problem of their distribution and recovery. The greater part of the loan finance must be fed to the grass roots, made available to the cultivator at the smallholder level. The African farmer has little to offer in the way of security for debt. He has no money, no title to his land, and his personal possessions are unacceptable as mortgage security. There is therefore a tendency in official circles to give the reform of land tenure first priority in agricultural development. The view is held that if the African farmer is given permanent private title to the land he cultivates, this will give him the necessary security for cultivation loans. But in many under-developed countries, particularly in the Far East, private tenure has existed for centuries and the result has been a burden of private debt which is the main stumbling block to rural development. Moreover, if our agricultural revolution is to be carried through, it must be by means acceptable to the people. To tamper with land tenure, particularly in territories where an alien government is in charge, and in the presence of foreign settler communities, is to arouse the deepest suspicion, and it is this suspicion which is behind much of the African resistance to agricultural innovation, however beneficial that may be in itself. To insist on private tenure at this stage is to put the cart before the horse. It may well come as a consequence of the establishment of permanent cultivation but cannot be used on any wide scale as a pre-requisite of farm improvement. And even if it were forced through it is still impossible at present to conceive of the government insisting on foreclosure because of default on a loan.

But the African farmer has one form of security which can be used and that is his reputation within his own community. Twenty years experience as a down-to-earth forester in tropical Africa have left me with an indelible memory of the close community spirit existent in the villages. The sharing of arduous tasks such as farm clearing and house building, the joint performance of village chores, the common front against calamity, the village festivals, do much to mitigate the difficulties of a life in which poverty, malnutrition and endemic disease are always present. It would be tragedy if this spirit were to become a casualty of economic change. Fortunately it is now being translated into the modern idiom of the rural co-operative movement. It has been my task in the last two years to make a special study of this exciting new development. It acquired its modern impetus through the encouragement of Arthur Creech Jones when he was Secretary of State, and already its achievements are remarkable. Despite early growing pains, local co-operatives at the village level have proved themselves the ideal instruments for the issue of short-term credit to farmers, and their record of recovery of such loans has been impressive. By extension through secondary organisations into the fields of produce-marketing and processing, banking and the bulk supply of farmers' requisites such as fertilisers and insecticides, they are giving the African a sense of purposeful control over his own economic environment. And with the spread of co-operatives comes an ever-widening experience in democratic procedures. Most important of all, the impetus for this rapid advance has come from the African himself and he is making the co-operative ideal his own. The co-operative movement can contribute to the present smallholder system the benefits of estate production without its concomittant of economic inequality. It is a weapon we must use to the full in Africa's other revolution.

This England

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Surely it is time the Great Powers resumed the testing of their nuclear devices. The appalling summer can only be due to the reckless cessation of these tests. – Letter in *News Chronicle*. (S. van Heyningen.)

'I met Sir Tom at the white-painted Fort Ann Hotel, where most of the TUC leaders are staying. He was alternately puffing a cigar and sipping a large glass of brandy in the hotel lounge, panelled in dark oak from a Spanish galleon.

'I have got to set the workers I represent an example in gracious living,' he told me. – *Daily Mail*. (James Robertson Justice.)

Two men who were fined at Wimbledon yesterday for taking and driving away a double-deck London Transport bus from a Merton garage, said that they took it because they were 'fed up' with waiting for one. – *Guardian*. (B. M. Swithinbank.)

London Diary

CRITIC

The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has had an immense effect. At first a mere object of ridicule, it has in the short space of three years reduced the TUC to the lamentable position of voting simultaneously for two incompatible policies, and compelled the Labour Party, right and left, to renounce the independent nuclear deterrent in spite of Mr Gaitskell's passionate desire to keep it. But it is one thing for the CND to exert influence; it is another for it to direct policy. It is composed of three strands. The first, pacifist strand, argues that H-bombs are evil and we should reject them whether they are ours or America's. The second position is reflected in the complex statements of Mr Cousins, who cannot go all the way with the pacifists because he is in a position of responsibility. He knows that if the movement is not to fizzle out in Trafalgar Square, it must win in Transport House and, ultimately, in Westminster. The third position was devised by two MPs, Wigg and Crossman, and first published in this journal. It renounces nuclear weapons for Britain, but wants to stay in Nato and does not demand the immediate end of US H-bomb bases. In its original form it seemed an important advance towards a non-nuclear Britain, but the final form was so hedged round with compromise that Mr Gaitskell and his right-wing colleagues could accept it and Mr Cousins had to reject it. That is where the confusion lies. Since Mr Gaitskell believes in an independent deterrent, does it not follow that any non-nuclear policy he accepts must be phoney? The CND has in fact had a powerful negative effect; its task is now to state an unambiguous policy which cannot be accepted by people who don't believe in it and which could be accepted by a Labour government.

* * *

By offering Professor Gluckman a visa for Dutch New Guinea (West Irian to Indonesians), Holland has made the Australians look pretty silly. Max Gluckman is a distinguished anthropologist – readers of this journal will recall his recent assessment of Malinowski – who wanted to spend two weeks in the part of New Guinea for which Australia is UN Trustee. The Australians refused him a permit to enter 'on advice received'. Whose advice? Could it be British Security which no doubt has on record Gluckman's criticism of Lennox-Boyd's policies in Kenya and Nyasaland and his opposition to apartheid in South Africa, and the fact that his wife was once a member of the Communist Party? Was it some smart security officer in Canberra who noticed that Dr Peter Worsley, one of the three academics previously refused entry to New Guinea, was a former pupil of Gluckman? Anyway Gluckman is 'smeared' and the Australian National University, which is Gluckman's host, is made to look ridiculous. The Staff Association has protested vigorously, and so, I'm glad to see, has the Australian press which attacks the 'foolish and nasty methods' of Menzies. If Max Gluckman were a Professor of the Marx-Engels Institute in Moscow, it is hard to see what harm he could do in a fortnight's visit that from start to finish would be under the eye of territory officials. Another result is that everyone will question the progress towards self-government in New

Guinea about which Menzies boasts. Canberra has long been worried lest sceptical members of the UN should ask for a commission of enquiry into Australia's role as Trustee. Such a demand now seems much more likely.

* * *

All Labour supporters, though for different reasons, will be keeping their fingers crossed a fortnight on Saturday when the Ebbw Vale party select Aneurin Bevan's successor. My own hope is that Michael Foot will take his great friend's place and I hear from Ebbw Vale that he is, narrowly, the favourite to do so at the moment. But a friend reminds me that Welsh selection committees more than most are uncertain affairs. Favourites have a habit of getting unstuck. That other famous steel seat, Aberavon, which incidentally Michael Foot could have won if he'd offered himself, was a startling example. There, two years ago, the favourite, a powerful local party figure, was routed and a 28-year-old farmers' union secretary, John Morris, selected instead, to the astonishment of both of them. Michael Foot's best chance depends largely on local forces cancelling each other out early on; then the desire to be represented by a national figure and a Socialist will assert itself, even if he isn't a Welshman. Quite apart from the livening-up of parliament which his selection would mean, it would be instructive as well as fascinating to see how a prosperous steel town like Ebbw Vale votes when offered the choice of a left-wing Labour candidate and an enlightened Liberal like Colonel Lort-Phillips.

* * *

One of the silliest and least justifiable attacks I ever saw in print was written by Desmond Donnelly and appeared in the *Daily Mail* last week. He made the ludicrous charge that this journal was once 'a twittering supporter of Chamberlain'. In fact we were always a persistent, vehement and even bitter critic of Chamberlain, and in March 1938 came out in favour of a Labour Party alliance with Churchill, with all it implied in the 'conscription of wealth and British manhood'. The *Daily Mail* published a letter of reply from the editor of this paper on 5 September. It doesn't matter what Desmond Donnelly says about us or anyone else; no one takes much notice of him. But I did find it rather hard to be attacked for appeasement by the *Daily Mail* which, among other policies, supported Mosley in the Thirties!

* * *

Panorama, the best of BBC programmes, was back again on the air this week with a really informative presentation of the Congo problem both from the Congo itself and from the UN. An equally intriguing item was an interview with Mr Correlli Barnett, a young Oxford historian whose attack on Monty begins a new phase of controversy about the war. The generals have told us their sides of the story. Here was a member of the younger generation declaring, with evidence to back him, that Monty's own picture is boastful, inaccurate and unfair to his colleagues. I have never been a fan of Monty's and I can't judge the issue. That will be fought over for years. But it strikes me as unjust to leave out what is, I suppose, Monty's most important claim to fame. His over-confidence and sanguine temperament were surely what was wanted in that period of demoralisation. I have heard a staff officer, who worked under him, say that the great reason for his success was that he really cared for the lives of his soldiers. Unlike Haig and other first war generals, he convinced his men that he was not just using them as cannon fodder.

* * *

I know a keep-Britain-tidy man who has been closely following the fortunes of the new Litter Act. He tells me it has run into some unexpected snags. One of these is that, although the magistrates now accept the idea that a derelict motor car can be 'litter', a prosecution has to prove that the same person both 'deposited' and 'left' it, because what the Act penalises is depositing and leaving. If I leave a broken-down car on the road for months on end, I am safe against a litter prosecution unless someone saw me do it. Last Monday the Fulham Borough Council prosecuted a woman for depositing and leaving bits of bread for the pigeons outside West Kensington Congregational Church, but the West London Magistrate held that there was no evidence that she had left any of them on the ground. There may have been evidence that the pigeons did, but not the woman. No one could show that the bits left were her bits; they might have been thrown down by previous pigeon-lovers. A fortnight ago a firm of auctioneers in Yorkshire, having failed to sell 6 settees and 24 chairs, found that the local authority wouldn't take them away as rubbish and that they could not lawfully be burned (the former custom) because they were in a smokeless zone. So the auctioneers dumped them on some moorland belonging to the National Trust, whose warden then found stuffed into one of the chairs a letter bearing the name of its former owner. In this case the auctioneers, who perhaps hadn't read about the derelict cars and the pigeons' bread, had pleaded guilty. But it looks as though the Act will sooner or later have to be amended.

* * *

A lady who recently travelled on a BEA flight from Zurich to London sends me a copy of a letter she wrote to BEA complaining that, as one of those who are indignant about South African policy, she objects to being provided with South African fruit (including oranges) which could have been obtained 'from other, decent and humane sources'. Mr Briggs, the Passenger Relations Superintendent replied:

> I was surprised to learn from you that oranges were offered to passengers on the flight from Aurich to London on the 13th August. Normally we do not serve this fruit on our aircraft as their aroma is obnoxious to many passengers. Our caterers have received strict instructions that oranges must not be placed in the fruit baskets.
>
> Thank you very much for taking the trouble to bring this to our attention. We have today instructed our caterers in Zurich to stop this practice.

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

In response to demand from a number of organisations and individual readers, M. C. Berenbaum's article on Civil Defence in last week's NEW STATESMAN *has been reprinted in leaflet form. Reprints are available, post paid, at 3s. per dozen, 10s. per 50, £1 per 100 or £8 per 1,000 from:*

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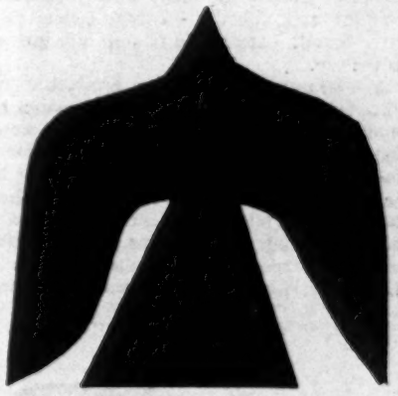

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The Bavarian Bull

The first thing to know about Franz-Josef Strauss is that he is a Bavarian. Indeed, almost a comic opera Bavarian: a butcher's son married to a brewer's daughter. Bavarians are beery, baroque, brawny, and bellicose; and Franz-Josef Strauss, born in Munich in 1915, lacks none of the tribal characteristics. His wit is of the beer-garden variety, his gestures are baroque, his physical vitality phenomenal; and, like most Bavarians, he believes instinctively that attack is the only kind of defence. He is to most German intellectuals of today what McCarthy once was to American eggheads; to the German Socialists he is, quite simply, 'Party Enemy No. 1'. It is arguable that he is now the most powerful man in Germany after Adenauer. Nothing and nobody – except conceivably Herr Brandt – seem able to stop him getting to the top.

Yet Strauss is not simply a brash, battling Bavarian, a kind of Goering *redivivus*: he would be far less dangerous if he were. Bavarians are proverbially stupid: but Franz-Josef Strauss has another B to his name; he has brains. He is Nixon, rather than McCarthy. At school, he was champion cyclist of Bavaria, but he also came out top in the all-Bavaria examination results. At Munich University, just before the war his papers were said to be the most brilliant sent up by any candidate for 30 years. Then, as now, his intellectual prowess had three main props: restless mental energy, an exceptionally rapid uptake, and a capacious and retentive memory. Yet he was never an intellectual. The mental energy was, and is, merely a function of the formidable vitality; there is nothing in it of the free play of the genuinely inquiring or creative mind. This was revealed sharply in his clash, two years ago, with the 18 distinguished scientists who signed the Goettingen Manifesto against the nuclear arming of the West German forces. Men like Otto Hahn and Werner Heisenberg were contemptuously, and publicly, dismissed as 'moral romantics' and 'unworldly cranks'. Strauss has a formidable brain, but his thinking is what the Germans call *zweckdenken*: it is thinking-with-an-aim-in-view.

And, as with Nixon, the man's mind is very much the product of his early environment. The butcher's shop in the Schellingstrasse was a comparatively small affair. In the course of things, the young Franz-Josef would have followed in his father's footsteps. His teachers, however, soon recognised the boy's potential, and persuaded his father to send him to the local *gymnasium*. He emerged, thanks to his memory and capacity for hard work, an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. After leaving the *gymnasium*, he was awarded one of the coveted scholarships of the Maximilian Foundation, to study at Munich University. Once again, his success was remarkable in his chosen subjects, Greek, Latin, and history. But if it was remarkable, it was never easy; he had the poor scholar's conviction that real success is never a gift of grace but must come from grinding toil and unremitting application. He has it still. What Franz-Josef Strauss does not know about logistics and nuclear rocketry is, you can be sure, not worth the knowing.

Though a consummate natural politician Strauss received – again like Nixon – no traditional political education. It appears certain, for example, that until 1945 he had engaged in no serious political activity whatever. He has, therefore, unlike many of Dr Adenauer's other intimates, no skeleton in his private political cupboard. The nearest he came to contamination by the Nazis was a two-year membership of the Motor Cyclists' Sub-section of the Nazi Student Organisation (membership of at least one section was compulsory). While still pondering a choice of career – he would almost certainly have become a schoolmaster – the war broke out, and he was eventually commissioned, in 1942, as second lieutenant and appointed to an Army *flak* battalion. In January 1943, in Russia, his active service career was brought to an abrupt end: severe frostbite caused him to be medically downgraded. The rest of the war was spent in a camp in the Bavarian backwoods, where the frostbitten second lieutenant helped to initiate recruits into the mysteries of *flak*. It is commonly suggested in Germany today that Strauss' latter-day *militärfreudigkeit* owes a good deal to those frozen feet of 17 years ago.

Strauss would appear, then, on the surface to have no political past to speak of; indeed, it is precisely the blankness of his record that has been his strength in Bonn. Other politicians are vulnerable in one respect or another: they are ex-Nazis, ex-Communists, ex-Resisters, or had spent the war in Stockholm or New York. None of this touches Strauss; he has nothing to fear from the muck-rakers. Yet, though he has no 'past', he has always had the politics of his environment. In this he is typical of his generation, the tough, opportunist, convictionless, war-generation now attaining top executive level in Germany. If he is anti-Socialist and anti-Liberal, he owes this to the *petit bourgeois*, Catholic-Conservative environment of the shop on the Schellingstrasse. It is almost certain that he has never questioned these beliefs, and that they form the subliminal basis of his political actions. Yet it is difficult to believe that Strauss' Catholicism is very much more serious than, say, Senator Kennedy's. It is a political fact, rather than a living religious faith. It is the product of environment.

Until he was 30, then, Franz-Josef Strauss had no overt politics. At that moment, quite suddenly, the environment changed; in April 1945 the Wehrmacht cracked, and the Americans overran Southern Germany. It is said, maliciously, that Strauss had already begun to polish up his English in the spring of 1944. Certainly, in April 1945, it stood him in good stead. Having organised, with quiet efficiency, the surrender of the various units under his command, he appointed himself interpreter to the American authorities. Within a matter of weeks he was *Landrat* (district magistrate) and head of the local Denazification Tribunal. Under the nominal

supervision of his delighted captors, Franz-Josef Strauss carried out a thorough democratisation of the district.

From now on, politics did not let him loose; he had discovered his métier. Nor was there any doubt as to the party he should join. The surviving veterans of the parties of the Weimar Republic had begun to reorganise. There was to be a new Catholic party in Bavaria – under Dr Josef Müller, a much-loved figure in Bavaria and one of the survivors of the 20 July *putsch* against Hitler. Strauss promptly joined. Within a few months, backed by Dr Müller, he had become general secretary of the party and was doubling his duties as *Landrat* with a job in the Bavarian Ministry of Education. In March 1946, at the Bamberg Conference of the newly-fledged Christian Social Union, he made one of the crucial speeches of his career. Many of the old hands wanted a party modelled on the old Bavarian People's Party: regional, clerical, with roots in the peasantry. Müller and Strauss saw that to build a modern conservative party it was essential to bring together all the anti-Socialist elements, from the middle-class Protestant minority to the powerful Catholic trade unions. At Müller's instigation, Strauss lashed out at the greybeards. 'The young people of my generation,' he thundered, 'have no sympathy for these relics of the past.'

The new CSU was a howling success; from 1946 to 1954 the party dominated Bavaria's political life. It became the permanent majority party of a deeply conservative *Land* of some 10m people. It remains, though Strauss has twice failed to win the outright leadership of the party, the real source of his political strength, his *hausmacht*. By 1948 he was a member of the bi-zonal economic council in Frankfurt, and in 1949 was elected to the first Bundestag. In 1953, after Adenauer's triumph at the polls, the CSU became the third-strongest party in the Bundestag. This, and Strauss' growing reputation as a brilliant speaker and aggressive champion of his policies, persuaded Adenauer to include him in his cabinet as Minister Without Portfolio. By 1955, backed by his CSU allies, he was Minister for Atomic Energy; by 1956, after a brutal persecution of his predecessor, Herr Blank, Minister of Defence. He was already spoken of in Bonn as a natural successor to the Old Man.

The key to Strauss' position is to be found in his complex relations with Dr Adenauer. Strauss, it is often said, is Dr Adenauer's favourite son, the only one of his subordinates whom he has never (until last month) had cause to reprove. In a sense, this is true; the thinking of the two men on defence and foreign affairs (and Dr Adenauer has never had time for much else) is certainly very close. But it is not a relation of dependence, as with others of Dr Adenauer's colleagues. Strauss is an independent thinker; if the two men think alike, it is a genuine parallelism, not the product of subservience. And Strauss' independence is not purely mental; it has a powerful objective correlative. Strauss was not dependent upon Dr Adenauer for his political career; he owed his original inclusion in the cabinet to CSU pressure. The price of his dismissal might well be the break-up of the CSU – CDU coalition.

Strauss's position would seem, at present, unassailable. But will this remain so? Will he be able – in 1965, if not in the coming campaign – to preserve the unity of the Grand Coalition and lead it to further victories? There are many in Germany who doubt this.

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For one thing, he is the representative of a minority group, the Bavarians, not greatly loved by their fellow Germans. For another, though he is not without a certain Bavarian *gemütlichkeit*, Strauss can make dangerous enemies. Where Adenauer is a master of political reticence, Strauss talks brilliantly and ebulliently. He can be abysmally tactless, to say the least, as the bases-in-Spain episode proved. There are two respects in which this might do him harm. He will need, if he is to follow in the steps of his master, something of Adenauer's skill in dealing with the allied leaders. At present, he is the darling of establishment circles in the West; as far as the German contribution to Nato is concerned, he is clearly the man to deliver the goods. But, as Chancellor, he would be a very different proposition. It is unlikely that, if opinion in the West was unanimously hostile, the CDU would make him their leader.

But Strauss's capacity for making enemies could endanger his chances nearer home, too – should the political situation change. Herr Brandt's political theme is bi-partisanship. If there should be a deadlock next year, Brandt would appeal for a 'national coalition'. With renewed Soviet pressure on Berlin, this might prove overwhelmingly popular. In that case, either Adenauer or Brandt might preside over a coalition cabinet – but not Strauss. It is inconceivable that the Socialists could now agree to serve under Franz-Josef Strauss as Chancellor. Once again, it is likely that he would be passed over by his own party in favour of a 'safe' candidate.

But there are those who take a more pessimistic view. They argue that Soviet pressure on the Federal Republic might have an opposite effect: the German people, instead of demanding bi-partisanship, might be stampeded into an aggressive and militaristic right-wing nationalism. Once again, the cry for a strong man would be heard. If this should happen, there can be no doubt that the strong man in question would be Franz-Josef Strauss. If he lacked the unreserved support of his party, he would have an alternative source of power at his command: the Bundeswehr. Already, his personal ascendancy over the new armed forces is a cause for anxiety. In given circumstances, Strauss might be tempted to lead his big battalions into the political arena.

Is there anything in the psychology of the man to give the lie to this possibility? Unfortunately, it would seem, very little. Strauss has the politics of his environment; he is, in the precise sense of the word, an opportunist. In 1949 he raged against those 'who are longing to get a rifle in their hands again'. By 1956 he was boasting that Nato nuclear power was sufficient 'to erase the Soviet empire from the map.' Yet, in all this, he was merely taking opportunities. The rearmament of Germany, even the nuclear arming of the Bundeswehr, was not his invention; they were the political will of the Pentagon and of Nato. Strauss has never shown any interest in other aspects of politics – finance, education, health, agriculture, pensions. There is no real evidence that he cares for anything but power. His future career will depend, as it has up till now, on the opportunities presented to him. Fortunately, the Germany of the Sixties is not that of the Thirties; even a Germany with nuclear arms would in fact be subject to very tight American control. Above all, without allies, West Germany is nothing. Here, in the end, it is the western Allies who determine the environment. The Bavarian Bull may roar as loudly and boast as brashly as did another Bavarian 20 years ago; but, this time, he is on a shorter tether.

Leo and the Dogs

W. JOHN MORGAN

Leo came to the job straight from jail, a slender, tall man wearing a black suit too large for him and carrying a small, black suitcase. His few strands of black hair were grown long and combed across his bald head. He looked like a man selling Bibles because of these features, and because of his tired, pitying look. The three electricians shook hands with him and told him the usual jokes about nipples and male and female sockets and other technical terms of the trade. 'Boys', was all he said, whether with reproof or not was hard to say. The electricians explained to him that his job, like mine, was to do the dirty work, climbing the 70-feet high ladders up to the factory girders and standing on them and roping the black, heavy cable to them. 'I am not climbing any ladders', said Leo in his soft voice.

He should have been given his cards, but Len, our tea-boy, a gymnast who liked swinging on the girders and shouting, 'I'm a junior Bird-man', whispered in Ted's ear. Ted, the chief electrician, put his tea-can lid on the canal bank – we were taking our breakfast in the sun – and rolled across dandelions towards me. 'This Leo has to be watched for', he said. Did I know the gang that duffed-up Lascars down the docks? Well, Leo was the boss, now amongst us again after two months for duffing-up an American in a Gents and flogging his wallet. The tea-boy lived in the same street as Leo. So would I mind if Leo just propped the ladder?

Leo, curiously, although engaged out of terror, exercised the converse of a criminal effect on our group as the weeks of summer passed and we climbed, himself excepted, the swaying ladders and hung above the furnace fumes, our masks damp with sweat; and as we moved from shop to shop. Leo made life duller. Seldom speaking himself, he was also an icicle on the talk of the electricians.

They were good family men and their language was foul. Until Leo arrived they used to talk about women they pretended to have had on Saturday night. In life they had been to the club with father-in-law while the wife sat in mam's, but fantasy was hilarious. Leo frightened them into silence, and not only because he represented the pit we all stand on the edge of, or scrambled out of.

He had the habit, whether or not picked up in jail I didn't like to ask, of keeping his eyes half-closed and then, suddenly, opening them up on whoever was speaking, in them an expression of curiosity and, faintly, scorn. The look purified anecdotes and put an end to lewd bombast. The reality of his own anti-social behaviour induced honest confessions of our own respectability.

Towards the end of that dull summer, the evenings drawing in, we moved to the building where a machine ground silica rock to dust. This machine was shaped like a funnel and reached 20 feet off the ground. We were tying our cables to girders 30 feet above it, but of all the jobs it was the easiest because a gantry – a platform with rails – moved along the whole length of the ceiling. On this even Leo was prepared to stand, although he did complain about the dust and having to wear a mask. On it he came near to death.

We had tied our cables to the girders and leaned on the railings of the gantry waiting to move along the ceiling to the next. Beneath us, in clouds of dust, the machine ground away at the hard stone, the row and vibration shaking the building. We were used to noise. Below, through the dust, small figures were visible on the shop floor. As the gantry moved, suddenly there were flashes of electricity, a tearing sound, like a car crash, and the rail on which we were leaning fell away. Grabbing at Leo's legs as he fell, I held him until the electricians ran across the gantry to help us. Below, the small figures were racing for the doors, a few of them shouting. Leo had tied the cable, not to the girder, but to the gantry rail. Leaning more heavily than the rest of us on the rail, he would have fallen into the machine.

'Boy', he said, the next day, 'come to the dogs'.

We went straight from work, late because we had been swinging some overtime, taking a short-cut across the slagheaps. The smoke from the factories enhanced the sunset, the sky green and crimson behind the low hills and then, in a moment, as we reached the dog track, it was dark, neither of us having said a word in all the time.

I had been to the track once before, which was often enough. None of my friends was there, it seemed, as I looked after Leo, his tall, black-suited figure moving through the thin crowd, stopping now and then to talk to people. I hadn't gone more than once, partly because it was boring and also because it was unlicensed in every sense of the word. The grandstand wasn't safe to sit in any more.

Leo returned and took the three pounds I had on me and said, in a long speech for him, that we were going to back certain dogs in all the races. On each the odds were long and I protested, but he took the money and went into the crowd. He returned for the first race. By then the night was black as a pit, the weak track lighting not helping. Each race was extraordinary, and Leo explained why. The favourite in the first race slowed down when the race was half-run because it had lead in its muzzle, which tired it. The outsider in the second race won easily because it wasn't, in reality, the dog it was supposed to be. Did I see the lightless area between the stand and the starting-gate? Yes? Well, there'd been a switch of dogs to the benefit of certain people like ourselves.

All our dogs won, the last race being the most sensational victory of all. As the six dogs went into the last bend they were bunched together. I shouted with excitement, being carried away by this time both by the prospect of a small fortune and Leo's acumen. As they came out of the bend two of the dogs rolled over and over, like racing cars which have taken a corner too fast, and fell in the path of two other dogs, all four howling wildly. 'Chewing gum on their paws', said Leo. Our dog ran on to win. A whisper like a breeze sighing went through the crowd, but they didn't riot, probably being regulars at the track. 'But how could we know our dog wouldn't get knocked over?' I asked Leo. 'You have to take a gamble', he replied, smiling with an unusual freedom so that I saw, for the first time, that his teeth were black.

'If I don't work', he explained the next day, when I asked him why he bothered, having such a steady source of income outside the job, 'the police want to know how I'm living.' But, the next week, when I discovered, now that we were back on the hazardous girders again, that I had lost my head for heights after the near-disaster, and so got sacked, Leo was silent again. 'Boy', he said, shaking my hand, suddenly opening his eyes and looking at me, as if something important were happening.

THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Producers' Plays

JEREMY BROOKS

The Seagull is a tricky masterpiece. Very much a director's play, it lays itself open to almost total destruction if approached in the wrong spirit, as the Moscow Art Theatre discovered on their first disastrous attempt to produce it. It is a diaphanous tapestry, strong only in the sum of its parts, a pattern of comedy and tragedy, of interweavings and inversions, too delicate to survive a wrongly-placed emphasis. Helped by a flexible new translation by J. P. Davis, John Fernald's Old Vic production survives many imperfections by virtue of his firm grasp of the unspoken plot that lies below the intricately woven surface. Against Paul Mayo's beautiful but rather static first set the play gets off to a slow start, although that difficult opening passage 'Why do you always wear black, Masha?' 'I am in mourning for my life' is, by good timing and voice control, effectively handled by Derek Smith and Georgine Anderson, who gives Masha, where the director allows, remarkable depth and dignity.

The first false note comes early, with the arrival of Konstantin. Tom Courtenay does his best, with gesture and stance, to suggest the intense over-sensitivity of the young writer, but all the same this is a gross piece of mis-casting. A faintly red-brick accent suggests to me the ghastly possibility that John Fernald has attempted to impose on Chekhov an ephemeral contemporary relevance, and this suspicion is strengthened when we find that Trigorin, instead of being the feeble, middle-aged, completely sincere second-rater of the author's invention, is interpreted by Tony Britton – albeit in a virtuoso performance – as a handsome, strutting, cocky young member of the Literary Establishment, who, instead of drifting weakly into an entanglement with Nina, deliberately sets out to achieve her ruin as a cold-blooded literary experiment. This is downright perverseness on Mr Fernald's part. It not only destroys the effectiveness of Trigorin's big confessional scene with Nina, but also upsets the whole balance of Konstantin's Oedipal relationship with his mother. Trigorin's spineless subservience to Irina Arkadin is made incredible by the disparity in their ages, and by Trigorin's new-look character. Judith Anderson, lacking the voluptuous, overpowering warmth which might have made a woman of Irina's age attractive to a younger man, was unhappily the victim of many a laugh in the wrong place.

Apart from Masha, Cyril Luckham's delightfully doddering Sorin, and Gerald James's gruff Shamrayev, the rest of the casting was curiously off-centre. Ann Bell, a charming figure with a musical voice and a warm personality, made a valiant attempt at Nina; but no amount of wringing of hands, trembling of lips, could disguise the fact that here was a sane, normal girl, healthy as a rosy apple, who would not allow herself to be beaten to the ground by a single romantic disaster.

This seems a lot of criticism to load on the back of one of the most delightful and moving theatrical experiences to be found in London. But *The Seagull* is a great play, and for great plays we all dream of the perfect production which we shall never see. In pace, grouping, rhythm and atmosphere this was a very good production indeed.

If one discounts *Henry VIII*, *The Winter's Tale* is probably Shakespeare's penultimate play. Classed as a comedy because of Act IV's bucolic revels and the ludicrous happy ending, it has, up to the moment of Antigonus's 'Exit, pursued by a bear', all the hall-marks of tragedy. Leontes is a destroyer, his jealousy is more real than Othello's: no hurt he can do others is as great as the hurt he is doing himself, and the knife which twists in him was forged in the furnace of his own mind. It is a subtle and compelling portrait: whatever can have possessed Shakespeare to graft on to this trunk of tragedy those frail standardised boughs of comedy.

Attempts to impose unity on this play have in the past succeeded only in levelling the whole thing down to a flat, motiveless charade. Mr Peter Wood, directing the final production of the Stratford Season, has wisely avoided this, has in fact gone all out for dramatic contrast, and, as far as the play allows, has triumphantly succeeded. Dividing the play at the end of Act III, he presents in the first half a Leontes whose towering rage is underlined, in its wasteful excess, by the barbaric magnificence of sets and costumes: by shoulders a yard wide, swirling cloaks of crimson velvet, grotesquely armoured soldiery, savagely grinning masks, all the grim pomp and tawdry splendour of Medievalism gone mad. The demands made on the actors by this sort of exaggeration are immense. Eric Porter, as Leontes, rises superbly to the occasion, roaring and twitching with a passion that almost physically communicates itself to the audience.

The world which Peter Wood creates in the second half is the complete opposite of the first: a world of sunlight and humour and grace; here, all is yellow and green and gold. It doesn't matter that we are now watching a different play: different, that is, until we are dragged back to dreary old Leontes (as he now seems) and his 16-year-old grief. It is at this point that the play falls heavily to the ground, and even Mr Wood's inventiveness fails to save it: the two mixtures just will not come together as one.

Not all the acting measures up to Eric Porter's high standard. Dame Peggy Ashcroft, as Paulina, is warmly human but lacks tartness, and Susan Maryott as Perdita limits herself to one statuesque pose. It is to the smaller parts that the remaining medals go: to James Bree and Ian Holm as the old and the young shepherd; to Gloria Dolskie, whose tiny vignette of bashful talent as Mopsa earned well-deserved applause; and to the three old gentlemen, like a clutch of senile Macmillans, twittering fruitily at each other over Perdita's unmasking. It was a rich, satisfying evening, and a personal triumph for Peter Wood and Eric Porter.

I think I was guilty of two sweeping statements when I wrote last week that *The Tiger and the Horse* was receiving 'a deservedly cool reception on all sides'. At any rate audiences seem to be enjoying it.

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Walton Again

DAVID DREW

The aims of Walton's new Symphony, first performed at the Edinburgh Festival last week, are clear enough. The opening movement has sonata pretensions, and at the same time toys with – or is toyed by – the device of monothematicism. Walton here forsakes his usual method of opening with a broad melodic paragraph of the kind which has enabled even such works as the String Quartet and the Cello Concerto to begin with head held high. The interest is primarily motivic. But the motives themselves (like the harmony) are curiously devoid of kinetic force. A high degree of repetition throughout the first subject region confirms the claustrophobic effect of figures which do nothing but leap upwards and fall back on themselves, like a prisoner jumping for the skylight of his cell which is just out of reach. The allegro molto tempo, unlike the more real moderato at the beginning of the Cello Concerto, becomes a kind of desperate illusion, kept alive by the motor rhythm and the later sforzandi. The mechanical basis of the whole argument is laid bare in the transition to the second subject; a more graphic musical representation of both the process and the purely mechanical necessity of 'changing gear' would be hard to imagine. The second subject has more developmental possibilities than the first, but the contrast is not strong enough; and where contrasts are ineffective, there can be no true unity. The development's climax is wholly static, and when the home key is finally reached, the six-fold repetition of the main motive and texture merely recalls and emphasises the unconsciously coda-like character of the movement's opening. Fictitious tempo apart, the movement begins where it should have ended.

In the second movement some attempt is made to compensate for the exiguous content of the first. Indeed, the opening section contains the most substantial and felt music in the symphony. But it only lasts for 24 bars, and thereafter the movement loses both a sense of shape and a sense of style. Formally speaking, the artificial unity of the first movement is almost preferable to these contrasts which express nothing but a kind of casually affectionate eclecticism, and resurrect the all too identifiable ghosts of Ravel, Stravinsky, Debussy, Brahms and Sibelius (in that order).

Walton returns to the problem of unity in the passacaglia finale. The theme itself is only slightly more propitious than the twelve-note idea in the final Variations of the Violin Sonata. But with the relatively remote second variation, the movement seems to be under way. Unfortunately, the structure begins to shake in the third variation, when the theme reasserts itself, and from then on the level of invention varies according to the prominence given to the theme. The theme's inversion in the presto of the coda provides little further inspiration, and the final affirmation of the tonic major is, from every point of view, a disaster.

Yet one listens. Why? (Respect for past achievement is not in itself sufficient reason.) In the first place the eclecticisms and the vagaries of invention are never so great as to disguise the presence of a real musical personality. In recognising this, we do of course refer back to the work in which the personality was most clearly and strongly revealed – the Viola Concerto which Walton wrote over 30 years ago at the age of twenty-seven. The Concerto was indeed a very remarkable work, and the composer's subsequent failure to match its achievement deserves serious consideration.

Walton paid dearly for his astonishingly rapid early development. After the blaze of inspiration in the Viola Concerto, the relative lack of critical discipline and of any deep roots in tradition was bound to make itself felt at lower creative temperatures. For a while, a sense of musical uncertainty was turned to positive account. The curiously prolonged upbeats and compensating downbeat frenzy, the constant rhythmic sidestepping, the vast pedal points, the clouded triadic harmony – all these temporarily conquered uncertainty by translating it with great musicality into a positive feature of the music's expressive character. Yet without continual effort and disciplined attention, these and other idiosyncrasies easily became mere mannerism.

It is tempting to compare Vaughan Williams's Ninth Symphony (recently recorded by Sir Adrian Boult on Top Rank 40/008) with Walton's second. Both are the works of composers who have virtually had their say. But there is an important difference. Although the Vaughan Williams barely contains a single new *idea*, one senses a certain delight in fresh development and the discovery of other possibilities. This helps to give the Symphony consistency and character. The Walton Symphony on the other hand, shows little spontaneous invention. It is a public exercise which disturbingly seems to lack public significance, whereas the Vaughan Williams is a private exercise which almost by accident acquires public significance.

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mingote

No Fun Intended

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

I suppose there have been worse dramatists with bigger reputations than Tennessee Williams, but their names elude me. His talent for straight melodrama – and even drama – is always being visited by lunatic ideas; it can't bear to be alone. So in *Suddenly Last Summer*, a yarn on the psychiatric 'tec level, there had to be a slight case of cannibalism to dispose of the villain. Dickens, in similar straits, preferred spontaneous combustion. But then he was a humorist. The hungry chase up the hill only tickles our Tennessee with whiffs of homosexuality and Christianity. No fun intended; and the audience should be either baffled or spoofed. We must think for the moment that we've been made to think – and then forget all about it till next time.

Next time, in the cinema, has brought *The Fugitive Kind* (London Pavilion), the grandest and silliest of his films to date. Here the hotchpotch of realism, staginess, fake poetry, legend, the unconscious, and the unconscionable, is there from the beginning; or not quite from the beginning, since there's a prelude of Marlon Brando defending himself, with all the preoccupation of the Method, against an unseen accuser. Then come the titles, and the freaks get going, nymphomania has the pub in thrall, golliwogs invade the hosiery store, lightning starts and passion prowls, in the Hell that is Two Rivers, Mississippi. Yes, I'm afraid this is Orpheus again (Brando with a guitar); though the others aren't to know, only you and I.

Sidney Lumet's direction and Boris Kaufman's camera make this extravagance always splendidly viewable; and Brando's performance as a refugee from a night club maintains a fascination of its own with the back turned, mumblings, and avowals of a potency that seems unaccountably plunged in the sulks. When Anna Magnani comes on the scene, scowling, outspoken in unintelligible English, she too plays on her own, as though she were in some straight drama about the woes of foreign wives abroad (especially when their sadist husbands are dying of cancer). The Great Love between them never therefore gets much further than Great Acting. Joanne Woodward as an unwashed nympho is more at home, if not quite on the same histrionic level. But even at its weirdest *The Fugitive Kind* is never dull. Clever Mr Williams!

At the International Film Theatre, second to De Sica's *Il Tetto*, and for some reason not accorded a press view, is an hour-long documentary *Bullfight*. It would have been seven minutes longer if the Censor, true to principle, had not rendered the film innocu-

ous. After being cleaned up, it emerges as an appeal that will no doubt find converts. It is – even as cut – an intelligent and discursively compact film which manages to give us a history of bull-fighting, a survey of performers, kids growing up with the mania, the bulls themselves fancied in the wild and catapulting into the arena, and quite a bit of the expert play, vividly brought close. That the sword-plunge must bring bloody death is only once (in a still) brought home to British audiences, who may therefore go to Spain with more romantic notions of the whole thing than will be found in the ice-cream littered *corrida*. Still, I recommend it. Seeing *Il Tetto* for the second time, I think my first findings were overharsh; this is no masterpiece, but its hardening of a method injures less than I thought.

A New Orthodoxy

DAVID SYLVESTER

There are three outstanding exhibitions of modern painting currently on view in provincial public galleries. Edinburgh has a show of the *Blauer Reiter*. This will be coming to the Tate; the others can only be seen where they are now. At Coventry till 24 September there is a big David Bomberg exhibition, on which I hope to report later. At York till 15 September there is an anthology, 'Modern American Painting 1930-1958'. The 80-odd exhibits by 29 artists include two first-rate de Koonings, early pieces by Gorky, Guston, Rothko and Tomlin – as well as examples of the kind of work of theirs with which we are more familiar – and among the figurative paintings works by six artists, including Edwin Dickinson, who have not, I believe, been shown here before.

We have now had an opportunity to see in this country some work by most of the better-known American painters born between 1870 and 1920, the most notable exception from the point of view of current preoccupations being Hans Hoffmann. But three major exhibitions are still required before we can claim to have a rudimentary idea of the scope of modern American art – one devoted to the second half of the nineteenth century, one showing the younger painters of today, and one of sculpture. So far as I know, not a single sculpture by Nakian, Louise Nevelson, Louise Bourgeois or George Spaventa has been shown in this country, and only one apiece by Ibram Lassaw and David Smith – and they are all, I would say, finer sculptors than any we have, apart from Moore. As to the younger painters, there must be a score of them who ought to be known here and aren't. We have seen a few things by some of the leading young abstract painters, nothing by young figurative painters other than Hartigan and Diebenkorn (and of course those Magic Realists). People here are quite unaware how much good figurative painting (a bit expressionistic on the whole) has been done in New York by young artists such as Gandy Brodie, Larry Rivers, Elaine de Kooning and the late and greatly lamented Jan Müller.

We don't need such exhibitions out of curiosity; we need them out of necessity, we need them as urgently as we used to need exhibitions of Paris art, since New York is now almost as dominant as Paris was. Indeed, we need them more urgently: young painters can't go and work there as easily as they could go to Paris – the fare makes it difficult, the cost of living impossible. (There are grants, of course, but they are few and rarely go to the right people, as we know from the subsequent careers of Rome prizemen.) Economics, in fact, may well be the barrier to New York's maintaining its present position, in view of the fact that, until now, immigrant painters have contributed so much, more even than to the Paris School.

But the example of New York is going to be worse than useless if it's misused – and for uttering this pompous banality there is, alas, justification in the current exhibition of British abstract painting called 'Situation' at the newly re-decorated RBA Galleries. This is a co-operative exhibition of pictures bigger than those which tend to get hung in the dealers' galleries. A score of painters are represented, and three-quarters of them show paintings consisting of large flat areas of colour with clean edges between them. It is evident that they have been profoundly influenced by two New York painters unknown here till two years ago – Ellsworth Kelly and Barnett Newman. (One or two of them may also have picked something up from reproductions of Jasper Johns.) And for several of them this influence has produced a radical change of style, rather like one of those conversions from Communism to Catholicism. What we have here is a new kind of orthodoxy, a new Style, and nothing could be further removed from the spirit which has informed the New York School, with its repugnance for the idea of style. New York has produced more good artists than Europe since the war (as well as hundreds of bad artists) because it has produced more artists who have acted upon all the consequences of the fact that art is no longer a profession – that is, for those who want to make art as distinct from those who want to make something out of art.

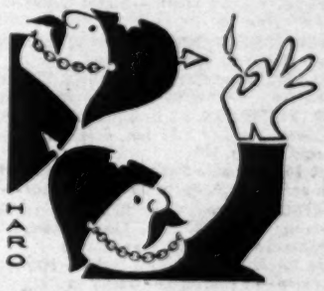
For the New York painters who matter, the practice of painting is a process of self-discovery, not the exercise of an idea. For most of the painters in 'Situation', the practice of art is a form of art criticism. Of these critics-as-painters, William Turnbull appears by far the most sensitive and intelligent – his diptych is an assured and beautiful work, dynamic yet serene – and next to him Peter Coviello. Henry Mundy remains outside the movement, remains himself, an imaginative and subtle talent (he also has a one-man show currently at the Hanover Gallery).

But the most impressive pictures in this exhibition are the Harold Cohens, and what makes them so is just the feeling they give of being the outcome of personal discovery, of something lived-through. (And if they remind one both of Braque and of Alfred Leslie, this doesn't make them less searching: to be authentic doesn't mean to be uninfluenced – another banality, yet it needs to be repeated.) Now, I'd formed this opinion of the Cohens when going round without a catalogue and without having identified them, so this judgment wasn't prejudiced by knowing that the painter is actually working in New York, or by the fact that when I saw him there early this year, he told me how difficult he was finding it to paint there – and in saying it he clearly wasn't just making a bit of drama for himself. I hope the moral of all this is not that painters can't assimilate the lesson of New York without going there; I hope it is that painters can only paint in a way interesting for others when they find painting difficult. Harold Rosenberg has said: 'By its very nature, action painting is painting in the medium of difficulties'.

O elusive Paul Jennings!

THERE ARE 284 Jenningses in the London telephone directory. But he isn't one of them. I once knew a regiment that had six Jenningses. But he wasn't there either.

Paul Jennings lives at East Bergholt, has a wife, children and a regular column (called Oddly Enough) in The Observer. If you don't know him, it's high time you did.



If you do know him don't sit back just yet. I have a problem for you. Can *you* think of a better word than 'elusive'?

You can't call him 'incomparable'. He positively invites comparison. He is, for example, as funny as twenty comedians and three times as enlightening.

He isn't inimitable either. People do imitate him. And not only his style—his Weltanschauung (or way of looking at the world) has had a considerable Einfluss (or influence).

Early on, Jennings discovered the basic conflict between People and Things—a battle as universal as the Sex War, and much funnier to write about. Would you trust the inside of a car? Or a typewriter? Or an Italian water-tap? You shouldn't, but if you must, at least arm yourself with the Jennings reports on the way these Things can annoy, confuse and embarrass People.

Yet Skram backwards

No, elusive seems to be the word. Jennings seems to have a strange knack of finding things that other people wouldn't even think of looking for. Did you know that the Danish for King Kong is Kong King? (Kong means King in Danish). Had you realised that the innocent-seeming town of Marks Tey was Yet Skram backwards?

Another thing. If you have anything like Jennings' luck, you may well buy The Observer 26 times a year, yet never see him. Elusive to the last, he appears only every other Sunday.

All in all, it's quite a good idea to take The Observer every week. It's the only way you can be sure of not missing Jennings—and Profile, Mammon, the Feiffer cartoon and all the other good things that make Sunday morning so bearable. J.B.L.

EDINBURGH to LONDON CAMPAIGN

September 3 to 24

MANCHESTER Sept 10: Assemble Bank Street Unitarian Church, Bolton, 9 am — Farnworth — Swinton and Pendlebury — Ashfield Labour Club, 2 Seedley Terrace, Salford (Lunch) Broad Street, Cross Lane Market for Civic Reception. Open Air Meeting. Frank Allaun, MP, Charles Royle, MP. Reassemble 3 pm. Regent Road, Water Street, Liverpool Road, Deansgate, St. Mary's Gate, Market Street, Piccadilly, London Road to Downing Street Co-operative Hall, 5 pm Meeting: Mervyn Jones, Frank Allaun, MP.

Sept 11: 1 pm Assemble Albert Square for Service 1.30, Cross Street, Market Street, Piccadilly, London Road, Ardwick Green, Stockport Road to Crowcroft Park for Lunch Break 2.45.

STOCKPORT Arrive Mersey Square, 4.30 pm. Meeting: Judith Hart, MP, John Rex.

Sept 12 Assemble Mersey Square 9 am and leave by Wellington Road South — Hazel Grove — Poynton — Adlington to

MACCLESFIELD Town Hall, 4.30 pm. Meeting in Town Hall, 7.30. Judith Hart, MP.

Sept 13: Assemble Macclesfield Town Hall — Congleton — Kidsgrove — and then through

THE POTTERIES to Swan Bank Assembly Hall, Burslem. Meeting 7.30 pm. Stephen Swingler MP, Harold Davies, MP.

Sept 14: Assemble Swan Bank Assembly Hall, Burslem and through Potteries to Tittensor — Stone to

STAFFORD 4 pm. Civic Reception at Shire Hall. Meeting: Assembly Hall, Tipping Street, 7.30 pm. Stephen Swingler, MP, Francis Jude.

Sept 15: Assemble 9 a.m. Stafford Market Place — Dunstan — Penkridge — Gailey to

WOLVERHAMPTON Open Air meeting, Market Patch, 6 pm; Indoor Meeting, Public Library, 8 pm. Bob Edwards, MP, A. C. Torode, Francis Jude.

Sept 16: Assemble Red Cross Street School, Wolverhampton, 9.30 am, Bilston — Bull Stoke, Darlaston — Wednesbury Market to

WALSALL Reception at Cenotaph 4.40 pm. Meeting: Methodist Central Hall, Ablewell Street, 7.30 pm. Antoinette Pirie, John Rex.

Sept 17: Assemble Car Park, Ablewell Street, 9 am. West Bromwich Community Centre (Lunch). Birmingham contingent joins Dartmouth Park 1.30 pm, Holyhead Road, Soho Road, and Outer Circle to Summerfield Park (tea) 4 to 5 pm, then to

BIRMINGHAM by Dudley Road, Spring Hill, New Street, Corporation Street, Bull Street and Colmore Row to the Town Hall. Meeting at Town Hall 7.30 pm. Jacquetta Hawkes, Canon L. John Collins, Harold Davies, MP.

Coventry (Sept 18), Northampton (Sept 19), Bedford (Sept 20), Luton (Sept 21), Watford (Sept 22), Willesden (Sept 23).

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Correspondence

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

SIR, – Mr Berenbaum's article, the most valuable and important you have ever published, reveals the unity between the Labour Party and the Conservatives in 'The Civil Defence Fraud'. If Mr Gaitskell wishes to deny the voters their democratic right to an opposition on this subject compared with which the differences between the parties are of trifling importance, the Labour defence policy must include the ARP measures to go with it.

Though there has been ample time for parliamentary questions, since it was established that 2s 2d per ratepayer per year was spent on the services described by Mr Berenbaum, no MP of *any* party has asked one, or proposed a debate. Your article has removed the excuse of ignorance; there remains only inability to remember the early inefficiency of ARP in 1939-40, for which there is no time today, and the determination to maintain Parliament at a South African level. There both government and opposition are united on Apartheid, as Labour and Tory are on nuclear weapons and ARP.

I enclose a small donation towards posting reprints of the article to all MPs, Anglican Bishops and delegates to the TUC Congress and the Labour Party Conference. If sufficient other readers do the same it may be possible for those who value honesty, courage, respect for truth, ability to face hard facts, and democracy, to vote Labour with pride in the eight forthcoming by-elections, rather than Liberal in disgust.

LAWRENCE D. HILLS

20 Convent Lane
Bocking, Essex

SIR, – In company with many other critics of Civil Defence, Mr Berenbaum infers that, as a nation, we can only expect total obliteration by the means of nuclear weapons. Is he correct? I think not, for would a potential aggressor have anything to gain from a country razed and lifeless?

As a member of the CD Corps I am aware that there are several contingencies in which Civil Defence would be useless; the situation analysed by Mr Berenbaum is one of them. However, the writer has laid great emphasis on American reports, the findings of which do not all necessarily apply to this country. For example, the fire-storm threat may well apply to cities with tall, closely situated buildings such as New York, and, to a certain extent, London, but outside such areas the threat is negligible. Contrary to Mr Berenbaum's statement, I have yet to meet a CD worker who 'will confidentially assure you that you will be safe if you stay indoors until you are told to come out'. True, there is a protective factor from such behaviour, but just as important there is a distance factor and a radioactive decay rate of which I could find no mention in the article.

What of the other forms of attack not mentioned by Mr Berenbaum? The conventional HE weapon, chemical and biological warfare: great emphasis is laid in CD training on the protection of the civilian population against nerve and other gases. It may well be that Great Britain is not to be the target for nuclear weapons; but what of a nuclear explosion or gas source, say, in Europe? Fall-out and gas know no frontiers! In circumstances like this Civil Defence is imperative, regardless of cost – a fact that appears to cause Mr Berenbaum no little concern. Millions of lives may be lost and only hundreds saved, but the money will have been well spent.

Finally, I would remind Mr Berenbaum, although I feel he is already aware of the fact, that, apart from a few full-time CD personnel, the Corps consists of volunteers. Each volunteer devotes much of his, or her, spare time being trained to help their neighbours. They hope they are wasting their time but probably feel it is better spent that way than periodically blocking the road from London to Aldermaston.

JOHN U. WILHELMY

8 Crowborough Drive
Warlingham, Surrey

THE NOISE MENACE

SIR, – There are two kinds of obstacles in the way of ridding ourselves of the intolerable nuisance of aircraft noise: (a) there's no profit in doing so for operators or manufacturers; (b) there is no military advantage in doing so. If there were either or both, the third kind of obstacle would not even be worth considering as such – I mean the technical difficulties, which would be overcome in a matter of months.

We cannot devise a military advantage; but we might make it financially advantageous to silence aircraft by two means. The community could offer a really enormous prize to any engineer or team of engineers solving the technical problems without loss of, say, more than 5 per cent of the aircraft's efficiency. I have in mind a sum even larger than you can win by guessing which team will beat which at soccer. Say £1 million. It could be raised by public subscription: though it should, of course, be offered by the government out of our own money, of which, after all, they squander more than that per week on their little whims and fancies.

Once the silencer exists, landing facilities can be refused to any company not fitting it. And if the government itself goes into business to manufacture it, they will soon recover what they have spent.

The ideal and impossible solution, of course, would be to ground all aircraft and give them up by international agreement. The wretched contrivance of mechanical flying has been, it is time that this was said, an unmitigated curse since its invention, ruining the pleasures of travel, ruining the peace of the countryside, adding to the horrors of city life, costing more hundreds of thousands of lives in a quarter of a century than the Aztecs sacrificed to *their* less revolting gods in their whole history, and enormously increasing the beastliness (I apologise to the beasts) of war.

As my grandmother used to say, if God had meant us to fly he would have given us wings. Instead, it looks as if the gift came from the Devil.

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash
Canterbury
Kent

SIR, – Mr Townshend-Rose writes that aircraft noise is 'a wrong without a remedy', but is this necessarily so?

The present government, being a puppet of vested interests, is indeed unlikely to take proper steps – it will not even eliminate the noise of motorcycles which could so easily be effected – but there may be some hope in a future administration, if prospective parliamentary candidates were pledged to a radical measure of reform. There must be millions of folk who are being daily and nightly exasperated by the infernal row of air-machines, and this anger could be utilized in pressure on MPs. The silly conventional notion that the aeroplane has 'come to stay' should be challenged and if exploiters of the things are unwilling or unable to silence them, permission to operate should be withheld. Sixty years ago the world – a rather better one than today's – got along quite well without 1,000 mph, and could certainly do so again.

JOHN NIBB

SIR, – Correspondents mention scooter and motor cycle engines, jet planes, pocket transistors and the ubiquitous unsolved hum as sources of exasperation, but surely the most infernal of all is the dear domestic pet, the dog, which except to its individual owner is nothing but a mobile noise and a peripatetic nuisance.

The first three can theoretically be silenced, i.e. fitted with alleged silencers, and the pocket radio can with some ingenuity be jammed. Does anyone have the recipe for jamming a dog?

GEORGE RICHARDS

Mount Pleasant Road
Poole

TRADES UNIONS AND CULTURE

SIR, – As five artists we have followed with interest the debate initiated by Mr Wesker on the relationship between the arts and the TUC. We agree with the ideas put forward and would like to add a few points.

We feel the best way to bring people to appreciate art is to have pictures hanging where they can frequently be seen. In the case of factory workers, in rest-rooms, recreation rooms, canteens and similar places where the workers congregate. There, individual expression can counteract the monotony of mass-production.

As an immediate thing, factories and the TUC should buy and commission pictures. Although supporting an artist, as Angus Wilson suggested for writers, would be a good thing at a critical period in the artist's career, it is essential that the artist should feel free to develop naturally. If pictures were bought on a large scale, by bodies such as the unions, the painter could continue working. It is important that major works of suitable scale and conception should be bought. So that the pictures may be properly integrated with their surroundings and therefore seriously appreciated, attention should be paid to correct framing, sighting and lighting.

As well as the bigger committee decisions to commission or purchase works of art, something that can be done right away to create a live interest in the arts, is for each factory to have a representative who could advise the members of the unions of all current cultural activities in their towns, and with whom artists and producers could make contact. We feel artists would be willing to co-operate with the unions on all these points.

It has already been arranged that we five artists are holding an exhibition at the South London Art Gallery in May 1961. We felt the need to send our pictures to a wider audience using the municipal galleries of the larger provincial towns. As this coincides with Mr Wesker's idea of art integration, it would be important if we could meet and talk with any interested union representatives in the towns where our exhibition will be showing.

HENRY ANDERSON
GERALD DILLON
STANLEY PINKER
KEN TURNER
SALLY ANDERSON

89 Fitzjohn's Avenue
London NW3

TREASURY PARSIMONY

SIR, – In his article 'Birth of a Nation' Mr Tom Driberg mentions the generous treatment accorded to officials leaving Cyprus: 'British civil servants have been handsomely looked after and receive tax free lump sums totalling some £2 m, partly it is fair to say, as commutation of pension, but partly also as compensation for the "interruption" of their careers, even when they have been able to proceed directly to other lucrative public jobs.'

This makes indeed very bitter reading for one of the 120-odd former Permanent British Officials of the Egyptian Government who had their contracts annulled in December 1951, following British Army armed invasion of Egyptian sovereign territory during the struggle against the 1936 Treaty, broken by Britain both by encroachments on Egyptian territory outside the Canal area and by the size of the forces stationed there!

This special treatment compares very unfavourably with the stinginess of the attitude of the government towards the former British officials of the Egyptian Government. The attitude is based on the legal basis that we were not employed by the British Government; the hollowness of this argument is evident in face of the fact that during the war the Embassy declared our work 'work of National Importance' (without, of course, NAAFI!) and restricted attempts to enlist. The British Embassy also – in spite of this – viewed with complacency the possibility of officials' wives and children falling into the hands of the Germans, while taking every precaution that this should not happen in the case of their own!

So far as I am concerned I shall never forgive the English – because on landing in UK I had to pay an agency to get a job. As the Ginger Man says, 'Judas was a limey'. Mr Driberg's statement of the treatment accorded to the poor victims of the folly of the FO and Colonial Office policies in Cyprus makes the Treasury stink.

ROBERT BRENNAN THOMPSON

19 Kolonaki Square
Athens

A NEW WAY INTO THE MIND

SIR, – I was pleased to read Mr Miles' staunch reply to my first letter regarding his recent article. His suggestion that I might perhaps not be informed by direct knowledge of the drug LSD 25, is well-founded for I have participated in the treatment of only a handful of patients with it to this time. I did not, however, rely solely on 'generalising from my own observations' which Mr Miles so righteously condemns in Mr Barrie Jones, but which he himself may have indulged in, if we are to accept his statement that his knowledge of LSD 25 is due in part to 'personal experience of the drug'. I refer him to two articles in the *Journal of Mental Science*, 1954 and 1957. However, as I previously stated it was not my intention to criticise the use of or researches into LSD 25.

I must defend my reference to 'Pavlov, religious conversions and brainwashing' as far from misleading, unless Mr Miles wishes to retract *his* statement that the 'mystical and religious contemplation' so often a part of LSD 25 therapy, is seen in *no* other phenomena.

Mr Miles' suggestion that abreactive drugs invariably produce matter only from the 'preconscious' suggests that either he is unfamiliar with the definition of this word ('not present in consciousness at a given moment but recallable more or less readily when wanted' – *Dictionary of Psychological Terms*) – or he has again been misinformed.

STANLEY GOLD

Department of Psychological Medicine
Guy's Hospital

G. D. H. COLE AND SOCIALISM

SIR, – It would be presumptuous of me to criticise Mr Crossman's article on G. D. H. Cole in your last issue even if I desired to do so, for I had seen scarcely anything of him during the last 35 years of his life. But during the decade between 1914 and 1924 I did see a great deal. Much of what Mr Crossman says about his paradoxical character confirms my early recollections, not least of the 'warm flood of passion and compassion' which sometimes broke in upon the sardonic serenity of his conversation. But my impressions from what were his formative years – he was still in his twenties when I first met him – do not altogether support Mr Crossman's verdict on this somewhat elusive man.

Mr Crossman seems a little surprised that Cole should have stressed (at the end of his great *History*) the antithesis between basic individualism and basic collectivism. It seems to me very natural that he should have done so, for all his most characteristic thinking was a reaction against both. Political pluralism, an 'associative society', was a 'basic' principle for him, it was there from the beginning (notably in his too little

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TAVISTOCK PUBLICATIONS

appreciated book *Social Theory*) and it was an essential clue to his Guild Socialism of which there was a good deal left in one of his last productions, *The Case for Industrial Partnership*.

Why then did he 'fall in love with the Soviet Union', a monolithic social structure, as Mr Crossman declares that he did? I wonder myself whether he ever really did. But in so far as he yielded to the fascination of the Russian Revolution it was, I think, for two reasons: partly because it *was* a revolution, for Cole was at heart a romantic Socialist, and partly because he had the academic's characteristic admiration for – perhaps even jealousy of – the activist, the man who had *done* something for the Cause.

Mr Crossman is no doubt right – if a little harsh – in saying that Cole 'wrote badly'. Cole was never interested in being a 'writer'; he was anxious only to communicate to others what was in his mind, and at least he was always clear. But it is significant, I think, that on one subject he did write with more gusto and vitality than on others, and that was when he wrote about English rebels against the social injustices of their time, as notably in his biography of Cobbett and in his book of *Chartist Portraits*. This, I believe, was not only because they were rebels but because they were English, for Cole was an instinctive patriot *malgré lui*. I can remember him, with characteristic dogmatism, declaring that '*of course* England is the nicest country in the world', a verdict which he ran little risk of modifying, for it was impossible to persuade him to visit any other.

MAURICE B. RECKITT

157 St James' Court, SW1

SIR, – Will you allow me to correct an error in R. H. S. Crossman's interesting article on G. D. H. Cole? He was never 'given a year to live'. In 1931, when he was diagnosed as a diabetic, the insulin treatment was already ten years old – it has, of course, since been improved – and had already fundamentally changed the outlook for diabetics. An attempt was made to treat his case without insulin, by diet alone, which was not successful; and after a few months he was given insulin. But he never received any death-sentence.

I do not know what remark Crossman misheard or misinterpreted to lead him to his conclusion – possibly a reference to the fact that he had to make a sharp change in his mode of living. But I feel the position should be made clear for future reference.

MARGARET COLE

SEX AND PAPERBACKS

SIR, – Mr Barclay writes: 'Can it be that we have all – publishers included – underestimated the public's taste by using the gimmick of the 'sexy' cover?' The paperbacks of the Poirot stories show the hero either with a shaggy-dog moustache or with a tiny moustache clipped very thin; whereas every reader knows that one is going to hear about his very large waxed moustaches all through each book. The pictures cannot be planned to make M. Poirot sexy, because his moustaches are his only sexual asset. The blurbs of paper-backs in general are just as ignorant as the hideous pictures. I have just read *The Dark Frontier* by Eric Ambler, an excellent story about the invention of an atom bomb, first published in 1936. Any reader would be more likely to buy the book if told it had been a well-imagined forecast, but the blurb only boasts that it has all the usual ingredients of a political adventure story.

Mr Barclay assumes that 'we', the publishers and illustrators, were making some calculation in such cases about how to sell the book. Surely it is obvious that they were incapable of making any calculation, because they hadn't read it. It is they who are the illiterates, not the buyer.

WILLIAM EMPSON

SIR, – I must write and tell you how enormously I admire Christopher Barclay's thoroughness in research. Few people would actually have tried selling books with sexy covers in supermarkets before venturing on the opinion that British housewives are not driven to a frenzy of desire (for the book, of course) by pictures of half-naked girls being flogged.

Could Mr Barclay now investigate barbers' shops and ironmongers and produce a statistic about the sales of knitting patterns and knicker elastic?

TREVENEN PETERS

69 Renters Avenue, NW4

RIDER HAGGARD

SIR, – The villain of *Eric Brighteyes* is Earl Attlee. My bad hand-writing is at fault for that and other misprints in my letter last week.

GRAHAM GREENE

SIR, – I was delighted to find Mr Greene rallying to the support of Rider Haggard, whose novels, along with those of Charlotte Yonge, opened the gates of history to a small girl some 67 years ago. I shall never forget the thrills of reading *Montezuma's Daughter* as it came out week by week in the now deceased *Graphic* as did *Lysbeth* (Revolt of the Netherlands), *Pearl Maiden* (Siege of Jerusalem), and *Swallow* (Transvaal). Like Mr Greene, I did not care for *King Solomon's Mines* or *She* as much as the others he mentions, or as *Cleopatra*, with its glimpse of the mysteries of Isis, or *The World's Desire*, which brought Helen of Troy into a surprising conjunction with the Plagues of Egypt. He was always enthralling, though one grew a little weary of the good woman and the bad woman who competed in story after story for the hero's affections.

HELEN CAM

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COMMONWEALTH LITERATURE

A survey of contemporary writing in English in the Union of South Africa, Canada, India, Australia, the Caribbean, New Zealand and the West African countries, introduced by

WALTER ALLEN

'We have snapped asunder the leading-strings of our British Grandmamma.' So, more than 120 years ago, Poe gave formal notice of the existence of American literature. There has been a great snapping asunder of leading-strings ever since. Australian, Canadian, New Zealand, South African literatures – these have been with us, to a greater or less degree, for half a century; they were predictable. But the sudden emergence, about 1950 and continuous ever since, of significant writing from the Caribbean was another matter, as unexpected and surprising to most of us as the first wave of West Indian immigrants to this country which occurred at much the same time. Still more unexpected is the even more recent outburst of writing in English from the countries of West Africa. English, after all, has been the language of the British West Indies for 300 years: in West Africa, Sierra Leone apart, it has been the language of a tiny and mostly alien ruling class, and that only for a few decades.

The surprise may be an index of our insularity: new literatures spring precisely out of a newly discovered sense of national identity. Whatever else the British may or may not have done with their Empire, they established the English language as its lingua franca. By doing so, they also established it as an essential tool of emergent nationalism. Whether they wanted to or not, Gandhi, Nehru, Nkrumah, Azikiwe have all had to use it. English has been at once a political instrument and a unifying element in the emergent nationalisms of the old Empire, and it has become even more than this: a means by which the emergent nationalisms have been able to interpret their own past and achieve consciousness of themselves.

Yet to be a creative writer in the younger Commonwealth countries is an enormously difficult task. In the West African countries, for example, the structure of the family itself makes it hard for the writer to secure and keep the privacy and leisure without which writing is impossible. There are, too, obligations to the community: men who can use the English language are scarce in any case, and there is immediate work for them to do in all the branches of running and maintaining a modern state.

Above all, there is the problem of the writer's audience. How can he reach his compatriots? How many of them read English well enough to respond to him? Of these, how many can afford to buy his books? For Grandmamma remains the great entrepreneur, London the great cultural *entrepôt;* and if this is still largely true for the writers from the older dominions, it is much more true for those from the West Indies, Ghana and Nigeria. Insofar as he wants to earn a living from his writing, the young Trinidadian or Nigerian must write for a British audience.

The dangers are obvious. But books are not the only media of communication, and one of the most striking things in this efflorescence of writing from the coloured countries of the Commonwealth is the part played in it by radio. Here Grandmamma deserves a pat on the back. In a very real way the midwife of these new literatures has been the BBC, together with the broadcasting systems largely created in her image. The BBC Overseas Service has acted as a little magazine – one which even paid its contributors – and has provided writers with a home audience. It has bridged a gap. But the fact remains that for writers books are still the most important medium of expression; and books are too dear for African and West Indian peasants to buy. The hope lies in paperbacks. When the West Indian novelists are in paperbacks the West Indies will be able to read them.

In a Green Night

DEREK WALCOTT

(West Indies)

The orange tree, in varying light,
Proclaims her fable perfect now
That her last season's summer height
Bends from each overburdened bough.

She has her winters and her spring.
Her moult of leaves, which, in their fall
Reveal, as with each living thing,
Zones truer than the tropical.

For if at night each orange sun
Burns with a comfortable creed,
By noon harsh fires have begun
To quail those splendours which they feed;

Or mixtures of the dew and dust
That early shone her orbs of brass
Mottle her splendour with the rust
She seemed all summer to surpass.

By such strange, cyclic chemistry
Which dooms and glories her at once
As green yet ageing orange tree
The mind enspheres all circumstance.

No Florida, loud with citron leaves,
Nor crystal falls to heal an age
Shall calm our natural fear which grieves
The loss of visionary rage.

Yet neither shall despairing blight
The nature ripening into art,
Nor the fierce noon or lampless night
Wither the comprehending heart.

The orange tree, in varying light
Proclaims her fable perfect now
That her last season's summer height
Bends from each overburdened bough.

Three Things

GORDON CHALLIS

(New Zealand)

Three things that trouble me I can't explain:
the pictures on the shelves of blind men's rooms,
the dust on artificial flowers, and the moon
which brushes past the clouds and sounds like wind.
Some strict logician would abstract a meaning,
find a common causal factor; I cannot,
can only wonder why the night outside delays
for reasons more than glass from flooding through,
can only ask: for whose eyes are the waiting pictures
and if the blind have far more faith than we;
for whose lame touch the wax or plastic flowers
and in what soil their cells forget to grow;
for whose late benefit the polished moon
which shines with so much cirrus friction.
These three things:
the pictures on the shelves in blind men's rooms,
the dust on artificial flowers,
and the moon
which brushes past the clouds and sounds like wind.

Naming the Stars

JUDITH WRIGHT

(Australia)

Now all the garden's overcome with dark,
its flowers transplanted, low to high,
become night's far-off suns, and map in hand
we find where Sirius and Canopus stand
and trace our birth-stars on the zodiac.
Is it not strange that you and I
should write those names like jewels on the sky?

My Twins shine in the north, your red-eyed Bull
runs at Orion, each horn ablaze;
but who are we to claim them? Far and far
they fly, and no star sees his brother star;
not Castor knows his twin among them all,
and Taurus with his Pleiades
is the old figure of a dead man's gaze.

Yet they, like us, are caught in time and cause
and eddied on their single stream.
Earth watches through our eyes, and as we stare
she greets by us her far compatriots there,
the wildhaired Suns and the calm Wanderers.
Her ancient thought is marked in every name.
Hero and creature mingle in her dream.
On her dark breast we spring like points of light
and set her language on the map of night.

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discovers a jester amongst the skulls.
Mercutio, mortally wounded, essays a wisecrack,
"Ask for me tomorrow and you shall find me a grave man".

Perhaps the critic who mistook "Arms and the M A"
for high melodrama, and sternly tried to silence
the laughter, deserves a little sympathy.
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into this category; but each individual himself may live, as I have lived, through the three kinds of experience: the middle being the last and therefore most lasting. Both unrelenting protest and escapism become unbearable to the writer in the long run.

What prospects are there, then of an alignment between these two streams of literary culture? I still have great hope that total integration between black and white is possible if the white politician and his voter are willing to work for it; and that *only* when we have integrated, in such a way that talk of minorities becomes irrelevant, can either of us tell the whole story of Africa. Otherwise we must be prepared to face a period of literary patchwork, stagnation or sterility or inadequacy. We, the Africans, will continue to derive our inspiration from 200 million dark voices on this continent. If I continue to try in vain to reach out for the white man in his self-imposed ghetto I must be worried that my writing is sectional and portrays only a portion of life. But that is the worst that can happen. I am one of 200,000,000. Yours is the next move, I say to the white man. Time is running out.

Those of us who have started to write in English will of course continue to do so in order to cut across tribal barriers. There are more Africans in South Africa writing creatively in either Sotho or Nguni vernaculars than those who express themselves in English. Coupled with the sponsorship of a political near-juvenile Bantu writing by the Afrikaanse Pers, is the distressing fact that Bantu languages are now the medium of instruction throughout the primary and high-school career in place of English. This means that the whole of the next university generation will be severely hindered in the mastery of their external world, in a life that demands so many techniques, and less and less able to write creatively in English. We are on the threshold of a dark age.

In the meantime, though the traditional culture of the three million rural Africans is still communicated in Bantu, English has become a vital medium among our urban population; one that has been an effective instrument of nationalism. Our cultural entertainment consists of cinemas, music festivals and *eisteddfodwr* where both European and vernacular compositions are performed; of classical and jazz concerts; and performances in English of literary plays and stage adaptations of African folk tales. All but two numbers in the *King Kong* musical have English lyrics, as have all previous musicals. And so we are digging our feet into an urban culture on impossible terms, *i.e.* in a country where five million urbanised non-whites are not accepted as permanent city-dwellers. Ours is a fugitive culture: borrowing here, incorporating there, retaining this, rejecting that. But it is a virile culture. The clamour of it is going to keep beating on the walls surrounding the already fragmented culture of the whites until they crumble.

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NELSON

Canadian Outlook

MORDECAI RICHLER

Novelist and television script-writer

Just before my first novel came out in 1954 I was asked by my British publisher to visit the Canadian distributor in Toronto. 'Well, Mr Richler', were the man's first words, 'have you written a thick book?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'This is Canada. Thick books sell better than thin books here.'

I come from a country where only two years ago there were no more than 50 English-language bookshops to serve the English-speaking population. Most Canadian publishers are actually distributors for British and American publishers. Imported books from the United States account for approximately 70 per cent of all book sales in Canada, and about half the books sold there are sold in Toronto. A sale of 1,000 copies of a serious Canadian novel is considered very good going indeed.

A lot, too much I'm sure, has already been written about how isolated and misunderstood the writer is in Canada. (When I was living there myself and was introduced to strangers as 'somebody who had a book coming out', I was asked repeatedly, 'What name are you using?', as if writing a novel, like going to a hotel with somebody else's wife, was only to be done under cover of a pseudonym.) The Canadian novelist, the argument goes, has no audience and, with a couple of exceptions, no critics of stature to advertise his worth. True, as far as it goes, but also unimportant. The danger, it seems to me, has always lain in the other direction. Because of the paucity of good writing in Canada, there is an unquestionable tendency among people of goodwill to overpraise, even lionise the still only promising young writer. Their early protection, it's true, is sometimes crucial and, in my own case, was much appreciated, but all the same the dangers to the young writer are immense. Overvalued by people hungering for a national literature, he is liable to end up with an inflated notion of his own talent.

Of course, the scarcity of talent, the absence of a national tradition, is also a tremendous advantage to the young Canadian writer. His counterpart in Dublin, London, and Oxford, Miss., must scrutinise his prose in the light of the giants who have been there before him. In most parts of Canada only Mazo de la Roche and blizzards have been there before you. (This is not to say that there are no English-speaking writers of quality about. There's Ethel Wilson for one, Morley Callaghan, Brian Moore, Adele Wiseman, Hugh MacLennan, Norman Levine, and a few more. But it's a small group.) Another and more concrete advantage open to the young Canadian writer is the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and, more recently, the Canada Council, which will go out of their way to nourish the promising.

And there are, I must say, undercurrents of artistic activity in Canada that were not evident ten years ago, when I last lived there. McClelland & Stewart, the most intrepid of Canadian publishers, have already brought out close to 20 titles in their new paperback series, New Canadian Library. These include long out-of-print titles by MacLennan, Callaghan, and Gabrielle Roy, as well as *As For Me And My House*, by Sinclair Ross, a really good novel about the West during the depression years. There are also two highly professional, if occasionally dull, new quarterlies being published in Canada. *Canadian Literature*, edited by George Woodcock, offers us a tougher standard of criticism than we have been used to. *The Tamarack Review*, a more adventurous magazine, was the first to publish Jack Ludwig, who will certainly be heard from. The latter magazine's editor, Robert Weaver, has – through the CBC, the newly-formed Reader's Club of Canada, *Tamarack*, and elsewhere – been enormously helpful to writers spread thinly across a huge country. But, all the same, it is fanciful to talk of Canadian writing. There's no such thing. Writing from Canada, at its best, is regional North American writing.

There is, among writers in Canada, some dispute about whether to stay (and fight against bad taste and indifference) or leave. Many, myself included, have chosen to live elsewhere. But others, like MacLennan and Callaghan, have decided to stay in Canada. Still more, I'm afraid, dare not leave because bad taste and nationalism act in their interest. These aside, however, there's not much to be said either way. It is, I think, largely a matter of personal preference.

Not so, however, for people involved in the theatre. They are, it's true, producing Shakespeare as well as cars in Ontario these days. But the Stratford Festival, I feel, is more closely related to tourism than a living theatre. So, unless they happen to be fanatical pioneers, people who work in the theatre must, if only to survive, leave for London or New York. There's nothing for them in Canada except the CBC, where most of them did their undergraduate work, or small theatres whose value is still largely untested, like Toronto's Crest. This is extremely sad. For it means that the country's most gifted

directors, people like Ted Kotcheff, Silvio Narizzano and Henry Kaplan, have gone to work in London, while the best actors, like Christopher Plummer, work out of New York. Given more favourable conditions, they might have got a creditable film industry going in Canada. There is, of course, the National Film Board, makers of honest documentaries that win prizes everywhere. There are also, and this is a more recent development, companies that make terrible feature films or half-hour serial dramas, like *RCMP* or *Hudson's Bay*, for television.

But Canada, remember, is a land of two cultures. And the French-Canadian, I'm always told, is the livelier and more inventive. There's little contact between the two cultures and, having been away for so many years myself, I'm not qualified to judge. But those French-Canadian novels I've read, by Roger Lemelin, Gabrielle Roy and others, are, though lively, old-fashioned. So I rather suspect English-Canadian praise of French-Canadian culture. It smacks of condescension, like Americans talking up Negro virility.

After the Raj

KHUSHWANT SINGH

Novelist and journalist

One of the functions of the Indian Academy of Letters (Sahitya Akademi) is to give recognition to works of literary merit produced in the country's 14 major languages including English. Every year panels of judges select the best novel, collection of short stories or poems from each language and award the author a cash prize of Rs 5,000 (£375). The presentation is made by the President of the Republic and the publicity which follows helps to boost the sales of the book. So great is the pressure from the language groups that very rarely do the judges decide to withhold the award because of the low quality of the entries. Since 1954, when the Academy was launched, over 50 men and women have won these coveted awards and every one of the languages recognised by the Constitution save one has been admitted to have produced many works of literary distinction. The exception is English.

It is quite clear that in India not one of the Indian writers writing in English enjoys a very great reputation. And Indians who accept without much questioning the opinions of English critics on English writing draw the line when it comes to Indian novelists or poets. The current Indian opinion on the subject can be bluntly stated: Indian writers cannot write the English language: English critics do not know India.

This self-condemnation sounds strange from a people who believe, not without reason, that next to those whose mother tongue is English, they speak and write the language better than any other people in the world. Why then, they ask, have Indian writers made no contribution to English literature? And if India has not produced a first-rate novelist or poet in the language in the 100 years when the teaching of English was compulsory in schools and universities, is it likely that she might produce one now it is fast being replaced by Hindi and the regional languages?

In the past Indian writers were inhibited from expressing themselves in English by the feeling that the language had been imposed upon them. Macaulay's famous minute on

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education is known to most educated Indians. 'English is better worth knowing than Sanskrit or Arabic', he wrote in 1835, '. . . the languages of western Europe civilised Russia. I cannot doubt they will do for the Hindoo what they have done for the Tartar.' It is not surprising that Indian reaction to the 'civilising' mission of English was to build up an attitude that the only legitimate use of English was for intercourse with their English masters and to further their economic prospects. Those who fell for the insidious charms of the language were reluctant to admit it; those who had to write it said that since it was not their mother tongue there was no need to be unduly sensitive about being ungrammatical or unidiomatic. An exception was made in the case of writers who were trying to put across India's claim to independence to the English-speaking world. These attitudes did not nor could produce writings of literary quality. The job seeker was happy with his Babu English; the *litterateur* put aside English literature and forced himself to the study of Indian classics. The writer concentrated largely on political propaganda.

The most serious outcome of this hostility to the language was the reluctance to enlarge the vocabulary of English words. Few Indian writers have been able to express fine shades of feeling or paint the Indian scene in the gaudy colours its varied landscape, full of flowering trees, exotic birds and rich animal life, demands. For the same reason Indians have been unable to write with wit and humour or, if of a poetic bent, to be able to let their emotions explode in ecstatic verse.

The leading exponents of the propagandist school are Mulk Raj Anand (*The Coolie, Village*, etc.) and Raja Rao (*Kanthapura, Cow of the Barricades*, etc.). Their characters were drawn in plain blacks and whites. Their Indians were poor, honest, unsophisticated; their whites beefy, bullying, Blimpish. The British Raj was something to be condemned as evil and never a laughing matter: the ammunition provided by the Poonah Colonel, the anglicised wog and sycophantic *bania* was not fired either by Anand or Rao. Both of them consciously catered for those sections of the English readers who supported the cause of Indian independence. It was not surprising that with the departure of the British from India their founts of inspiration dried up.

Genuine Indian writing in the English language is, with some notable exceptions, a recent phenomenon. In the last decade many names have been added to the list of successful novelists, essayists and poets. Most prominent amongst the men are R. K. Narayan, Nirad C. Chaudhuri, Bhabani Bhattacharya, Sudhin Ghose, Ved Mehta, Dom Moraes. The woman have done better. Ruth Jhabvala, Kamala Markandaya, Naintara Sehgal and Atiya Husain have been favourably noticed in the British and American press. Since English and American critics tend to be less exacting in their standards when it comes to Indian writers (practically every Indian novelist has at one time or another been compared to Kipling) and are in any case lamentably ill-informed about India, one should treat their verdict with caution. Of the many names listed only a few deserve serious consideration.

India's two outstanding novelists today are R. K. Narayan and Ruth Jhabvala. One is a Tamil Brahmin living in Mysore; the other the Jewish wife of a Parsi architect practising in Delhi. They write about the life in their respective cities and their characters are drawn from the *nouveau riche* middle class with which they have to rub shoulders. The dominant note in their novels is of gentle irony. Their heroes are not heroic, their villains not villainous, their lovers not lustful. Their writing is unpretentious and therefore effective.

Narayan started writing in the Thirties and has gone on steadily improving ever since. *The Financial Expert*, published in 1952, was his first good novel. His last, *The Guide*, published two years ago, is his best.

Ruth Jhabvala is as prolific as Narayan, having produced a stream of short stories for the *New Yorker* and four most readable novels (*To Whom She Will, The Nature of Passion, Esmond in India* and *The Householder*). Her acquaintance with India is not a very long one but she comes closest to describing life in a Hindu joint-family and reproducing the subtle nuances of repartee in Hindustani.

Despite the eminence of Narayan and Jhabvala, the writing I think will live is by lesser known writers. The most successful novel hitherto written by an Indian is *All About H. Hatter* by Govind Desani. It is a gallimaufry of Yogi-men, lion-tamers, acrobats and businessmen, speaking a hodge-podge of Hobson Jobson, Cockney and the Queen's English. Desani is more at home with the English language and more at ease with his characters than any other Indian novelist. *Hatter* has some of the gusto of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. But *Hatter* was only a *succès d'estime*, and the praise that men like T. S. Eliot, Edmund Blunden and Joad lavished on it did not help to save it from oblivion. Desani burnt himself out on this one book. His subsequent work – a short play *Hali* and half a dozen short stories – had only the warmth of ashes compared to the intense heat of the blaze lit by *H. Hatter*. For the last ten years Desani has been living in monastic seclusion and developing occult powers.

Kamala Markandaya's *A Nectar in a Sieve* is another novel which will continue to be read for many years to come. It tells of the travails of a poor peasant family of South India caught up in the maelstrom of a modern city. It is full of pathos and the writing has a lyrical quality. She also dextrously avoids the pitfall into which many Indian novelists fall: the consciousness of a foreign audience and the consequent insertion of informative material as in a guide book for tourists. The hopes that Markandaya aroused with her *Nectar* were belied by her autobiographical *Some Inner Fury*. She has not published another novel since then.

An Indian who has lately been attracting attention is Nirad C. Chaudhuri. His *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* is perhaps the best introduction to India, and *A Passage to England* as good an account as any foreign visitor has written of England. Chaudhuri writes the English language better than any Indian has done before and is much the most erudite writer in the country. His encyclopaedic knowledge has made him somewhat of a legend; he is meticulously painstaking about what he writes and is particularly felicitous in expression. He is provocative and at times offensively anglophile at the expense of his own countrymen.

The novel is not part of the Indian literary tradition and it may take many years before India produces good novelists in any of its languages. Poetry on the other hand has always been the favourite form of expression and the standard of contemporary poetry in many of the vernacular languages, notably Bengali, Urdu and Malayalam, has been of a

high order. This has not been reflected in English, in which the most that Indians have achieved is writing flamboyant prose and trimming the lines to poetic measurements. The one splendid exception is Dom Moraes. His first collection of poems *A Beginning* won the Hawthornden Prize for poetry. A second collection is due to appear soon.

Will India produce a first-rate novelist or poet in the English language? There is reason to hope she will. Although the general standard of English has declined in the last 13 years, the quality of literary writing has markedly improved. Many of the contemporary writers are young and may well achieve greatness, now that they have been released from the cramping thought that they are writing in a language thrust upon them.

Art at the Antipodes

JAMES McAULEY

Australian poet and critic

In the background of Australian consciousness lurk the residues of a number of myths. The Great South Land was to be a revival of the Golden Age; here New Jerusalem was to be founded; here would prevail the Arcadian conditions in which Natural Man lived in primitive virtue, unperverted by the corruptions of the Old World. Here was an Antipodean realm in which everything was upside-down or the inverse of European phenomena. These myths were carried forward into later radical and socialist versions of a true democracy, dedicated to the religion of Mateship.

There are several fixed poles which define Australia's cultural tensions. On the one hand, a provincial relation, in some respects inevitable, to metropolitan cultural centres overseas; on the other an anxiety, at times strident and resentful, to assert a national identity. Within the country there is the polarity of the Bush and the City. The Bush is the symbol of the wild against the tame, the dinkum against the artificial, natural virtue against the slick and the corrupt. It is supposed to be the source of the Australian ethos, the matrix of Mateship. A third tension is between the radical-democratic-socialist-secularist amalgam that crystallised as an orthodoxy in the late nineteenth century and the actuality of capitalism, social classes, and a rather opportunist conservatism.

In the arts the sensitive observer can see these myths and polarities exerting their pressures. At worst, the results may be deplorable: poorly organised and naive projections of themes which are no longer even understood in their origins. At best, the lurking myths may be transmuted by a sophisticated imagination which brings them into contrapuntal play with reality, with results sufficiently interesting to attract overseas attention as an export product. This is true of the best-known Australian works at the present time. In Patrick White's *Voss*, elements of the Australian mythos are developed with all the resources of a sophisticated European consciousness. In Sidney Nolan's visions of the outback and Ned Kelly, the bearer of the bushrangers' legend, the 'mythic' quality is made actual to contemporary eyes. In Lawler's play *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* there is a collision between a certain dream of natural antipodean innocence and the reality which not only destroys it but exposes its illusions.

But having affirmed the presence of such themes I am not going to trap myself into making a survey of Australian arts in which everything is manipulated in those terms, to the detriment of the actual variety that exists.

Music and architecture need not detain us. In sculpture the only encouraging development is the emergence of Tom Bass. The major fields of Australian art are painting and poetry, in both of which work is being done that is distinctive and of high quality.

An aside to quell murmurs about that sacred cow, the novel. Patrick White stands isolated and exceptional in his field, and his failure to meet the canons of trivial realism that prevail locally has meant that his work has found only partial and grudging acceptance with many Australians who would probably damn him more candidly if he were not so acclaimed abroad. Kylie Tennant, Morris West and Hugh Atkinson have produced books of real interest. But, in general, Australian novels seem to be written in illustration of a supposedly 'democratic' thesis that human beings are mindless physiological machines powered by two or three not-too-discriminating appetites and capable at most of moments of tough sentimentality or animal matiness.

Why have painting and poetry been more fruitful? The single canvas or the short poem offers a limited area in which certain perceptions and feelings can be brought into focus even if the complex organisation necessary for larger undertakings is still underdeveloped. Also these media offer a means by which Australian consciousness can come directly to grips with one of its primary problems: the need to see truly and penetrate with authentic feeling the Australian natural environment in its peculiar quality.

Nevertheless, this does not explain everything. Among our best painters today are men whose work does not flow primarily from a need to experience the Australian environment. William Dobell, whose pre-eminence raises him above any limiting categories such as 'contemporary' or 'academic', is above all a portraitist, whose work is Australian in subject only accidentally. And several of our front-rank artists have abandoned visual reality and taken the plunge into abstraction or near-abstraction: John Passmore, Ian Fairweather, John Olsen, Godfrey Miller, Eric Smith, for example. This development, represented most strongly in Sydney, has evoked a protest from a Melbourne group who call themselves the Antipodeans. Others, like Russell Drysdale, have developed powerful Australian images without much theorising about it.

Similarly, in poetry, some of the most influential poets display distinctively Australian colouring and properties only intermittently and secondarily, if at all. They do not feel bound to Australianity as a task. John Pringle in his *Australian Accent* links A. D. Hope, Harold Stewart and myself as leaders of a successful counter-revolution which upholds formal decorum and is concerned with the universal and metaphysical rather than the *programmatically* Australian. Actually it is a little unreal today to allot people into camps. The significant work of Judith

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Bombay 1, India.

Wright, Douglas Stewart and Rosemary Dobson would not be clarified by ranging them for or against this supposed counter-revolution.

What of contemporary British or American influence? I think painters are looking more to what is happening in the United States. Poets certainly find little to interest them in English poetry today (how could they?), and some of the younger poets are looking at American poetry with interest; but my impression is that they tend to find their own way primarily in reaction to what contemporary Australian poets are doing, with some influence also from overseas writers of the immediate past – particularly Yeats.

The Islands of Calypso

HENRY SWANZY
Producer of BBC 'Caribbean Voices, 1946-1954

Like poinsettia or coral, the young West Indian literature has flowered and ramified, until there are now 50 novels on the bookshelves, a West Indian theatre company, with a group of embryonic plays, and a number of poets contributing to established literary magazines. The only trouble is that, with one or two exceptions, all the books, most of the stage productions, and a part of the poetry, are confined to London; while the little reviews languish, like the Barbadian *Bim*, whose dedicated editor, the poet and schoolmaster Frank Collymore, was saved less than a year ago from closing with his 28th number by the munificent gift of 100 dollars from a public relations officer in Trinidad. For the English-speaking Caribbean, the basic leisure culture is sport, and Walcott the cricketer is infinitely better known than Walcott the poet and dramatist.

No doubt a prophet might have foreseen a creative explosion in the Caribbean, and indeed Harold Stannard, the old Sephardic Jew who was *The Times* colonial correspondent, did do precisely that. He saw a lively peasant culture, made up of men and women from all three of the great world streams, Europe, Asia, Africa, with a dozen folk traditions set in a bible-frame: English, Ibo, Yoruba, Akan, Spanish, French, Dutch, Hindu, Chinese, American; Compère Lapin, Compère Tigre, Anancy the spider, Czien; the riddles, the proverbs, the work songs, the topical calypsoes, the folk songs, *Mango Walk, Colon Man, Linstead Market*:

> Ah carry me ackee go ah Linstead Market
> Not a quattie wot sell.

The spark that fired the train was the grant of Home Rule to Jamaica in 1944. This coincided with the occasional review *Focus*, edited by the sculptress Edna Manley, whose young relative George Campbell exploded in Nationalist fervour:

> Eternal glory to bondsmen who resisted their oppressors,
> O ever pride and full freedom inherit their ancestors.

In 1946, the journalist V. S. Reid produced *New Day*, a novel which ran the whole course of Jamaican life in a single life-span, from the rising in 1865 and the hanging of Deacon Bogle by Governor Eyre, to the grant of home rule in 1944:

> With steadiness they sing, just how they will go steady with one another when we march on the new road England has shown us. Clock is a'talk of the hour. Is what the clock is saying? Five o'clock? Eh, you mean I ha' been here till now.

Meanwhile, in England the Jamaican poet Una Marson was working in the Colonial Service of the war-time BBC; and to Prospero and Caliban, in the contemporary myth, was added Ariel. She founded a 15-minute weekly literary programme called *Caribbean Voices*, to encourage local writers. At first it took the form of readings from work published in such things as the yearbook of the Poetry League in Jamaica. Then a BBC office was set up in Kingston by John Grenfell Williams, and here an original harvest was winnowed by Cedric Lindo, and forwarded twice monthly for further consideration in London. By 1948, the programme space was doubled: half an hour a week and £30 in fees! But, far more than the cash, through the short-wave static the isolated writer could believe that someone cared. Also, the producer started a regular six-monthly summary reprinted in local newspapers. There was a fruitful symbiosis with the little reviews, above all with Collymore. For cash, the writers went to the BBC, for credit to the pages of *Bim*, or the Guianese review *Kykoveral*, named after an old Dutch fort on the Essequibo, 'Look over all'. The admirable *Caribbean Quarterly*, edited by Andrew Pearse of Extra-mural Education in Trinidad, also opened its pages to original work.

The writers who were broadcast in this curious, rather magical way, were inevitably of many kinds, from many islands. Their work was nearly all description, mostly of the poor and the outcast, but seldom political or engaged. Outside the poets, there was very little satire or irony or defined attitude to life, and this was not due, I believe, to the limitations of radio, and an 'alien' radio at-that. For the tone was distinctly different, island by island. In Jamaica, which for a long time stood aloof, the prevailing impression was middle-class, best described in the stories of R. L. C. Aarons, with a PEN club, and a Parnassian tradition, represented by the young poet, Vivian Virtue, Adolphe Roberts (*Villanelle of the Living Pan*), and a number of literary ladies gathered in pious memory of Tom Redcam, the first 'poet laureate'.

The basic impression of the total literary life in Jamaica is conveyed by the first selection of 1s. 6d. booklets for Pioneer Press, started by the *Gleaner* in 1950, with Una Marson as editor: Louise Bennett, the diseuse, with racy Anancy sketches, Laurice Bird with animal stories after Kenneth Grahame, a history of Jamaica, a Parnassian anthology. Of the writers in the programme, the echoes that remain most vividly are of Evan Jones's *Banana Man*, replying to 'white man tourist':

> Yes, by God and his right hand,
> I will live and die a banana man,

and Michael Smith, a poet influenced by Rilke:

> This was a land where rumour, like the wind
> Bathing the cedars, swept the villages
> With a great mounting tide of mood and dream,
> Disabling the judgment of all fact.
> (*Madonna and Child*)

Apart from Neville Dawes, few of the novelists who later emerged figure in this list. They stood outside the refined 'literary circle' and only later, when they came to England,

did Mais, Salkey and others contribute to the programme.

The second focus was Trinidad, nearly 1,000 miles south from Jamaica, without its old colonial tradition, with a richer mingling of races, and with the 'false dawn' of the Thirties – the writers James, Mendes and Padmore. These aspects were reflected in the contributors, poorer, younger and livelier, with a keener ear for dialect, and a quicker tempo altogether, at carnival time, in calypsonian tents. There was no PEN club, only a small circle of young men assembled by a culturally minded judge. Among them, the journalist Samuel Selvon and a Barbadian immigrant, George Lamming, stood out. The older generation were journalists, not Parnassians: men like the delightful Seepersad Naipaul (the father of V. S. Naipaul), the Catholic poet Barnabas Ramon-Fortune and the solid Ernest Carr. The satire was often sharp, especially by George Phillips, with a racial incident 'seen' by a man whose blindness is revealed only in the last sentence.

The third focus was Barbados, the coral island out in the Atlantic, the birthplace of Lamming. A talent that almost equals his, but without his peasant roots, is that of Edward Brathwaite, a Cambridge graduate (not to be confused with the Guianese who wrote *To Sir, with Love*), with some remarkable poems of Europe, and at least one unpublished novella, *The Boy and the Sea*, obscure but brilliant. On the whole, however, apart from the pleasant visual poems of Frank Collymore, the trend of writers was perhaps a little monotonous, contrasting city slicker and rural innocent. In *Bim*, the Barbadian review, can also be found contributions from the smaller islands, some with major talents, like the Creole Derek Walcott, born in 1930 in St Lucia, a wonderfully fertile poet, but at that time lacking stamina and direction, despite four slim volumes published before he was 23:

> Now that these islands creep, that once were
> Whispers under the thunder of neurotic
> continents.

In Tobago, the purest poet of them all, the schoolmaster E. M. Roach, wrote pieces very near the earth, but light and graceful as a wind from the sea, with his masterpiece the long poem *Seven Splendid Cedars Break the Trades*, describing a peasant whose 'life was unadorned as bread'.

Fourth and last of the British Caribbean foci was British Guiana, the only one with a recognisable doctrine, partly fostered by the poet and editor A. J. Seymour, but mainly generated by the poet Wilson Harris, whose skill with words does not, unfortunately, match a remarkable imagination. His inspiration came from gigantic myths – the Iliad, the stone figures of Easter Island – in which he prefigured the emergence of the black world, the organic tropics; and it found visible form in the paintings of Denis Williams. It is ironic that Harris is now working in a factory in North London. No doubt, his ideas came partly from the continental outlook noticeable in mainland writers: at least, they do not contain the rather simple Negro nationalism of Laurence Byass, who took Whitman for his model. Otherwise, the territory which produced Edgar Mittelholzer shows a more commercial, a more North American influence than the other centres, with the early talent of Cy Grant, the guitarist, and Jan Carew, the most travelled of West Indian writers. The other mainland colony, Honduras, sent very little beyond the poetry of Raymond Barrow, and satires by 'Philip Phumbles', a journalist who, it is said, once went to gaol for printing a leader on a gubernatorial speech – the word *blah* 500 times repeated.

It is from this range of country that the names more widely known have detached themselves. They were led by Edgar Mittelholzer. He was followed by the very young Selvon and Lamming, who came together in 1950, and soon produced the first of many novels: *A Brighter Sun* by Selvon, a warm-hearted dialect account of a young Afro-Indian menage, Tiger and Urmilla; and Lamming's account of his boyhood, *In the Castle of My Skin*, probably the finest achievement so far in purely literary terms. There followed the harvest in England that will be known to many readers: the novels of the Jamaicans. Roger Mais, his friend John Hearne, Andrew Salkey and Neville Dawes, Geoffrey Drayton from Barbados, V. S. Naipaul from Trinidad, and Jan Carew from British Guiana, all of whom are now living as expatriates. With them moved other talents connected with the more complicated art of the theatre: Errol Hill, who produced Walcott's *Henri Christophe* at the British Council hostel in 1952, with décor by Carlisle Chang, Lloyd Reckord, who produced his brother Barry's racial drama *Adella*, this time in North London in 1954, Errol John, who won the *Observer's* competition in 1958, Noel Vaz, Earle Cameron, Edric Connor, Beryl McBurnie, Boscoe Holder, Pauline Henriques, Gordon Woolford.

The harvest, then, is real; but if it is to be judged by a world standard, as it well might be, containing as it does some of the conditions of Elizabethan England but on a world scale, it is marked by a certain lack of form, of doctrine, a certain brilliant facility. The dilemma remains basically that of the writer's relation with his environment. All are exiles. It is not, necessarily, the actual removal from the soil: many, if not the majority, of writers, even in their own country, live on the memories of their most impressionable years. It is not even the need to present picturesque details to an alien, urban civilisation, in a kind of luxury cruise of the mind. Nor is it the natural desire of prophets to be honoured in their own country, with the further prospect of observing, from a higher status, the higher reaches of life, the 'whisky line' on Stony Mountain. At the deepest level of the most serious writer, it is the desire to have a fruitful dialogue with one's own people, to extend their vision of life, and consequently the artist's. As Chesterton wrote: 'Only the local is real'. The great literature has always been, whether deliberately or not, symbolic, and the profoundest of the Caribbean writers are aware that they are denied that significance. This is notably the case with Lamming, whose first achievement has been lost in thickets and shadows, but whose personal life – in America, in Barbados, in Africa, and now again in Hampstead – has been a continuous struggle to find his spiritual milieu, to sublimate 'our irrelevance of function', to discover 'political unity and creative pride'.

For the fact remains that little or nothing has changed in the society from which these writers spring, a 'civilisation of tennis and country clubs' where 'the fine arts flourish on irregular Thursdays' (Walcott). On the practical level there is scarcely any larger readership for them – Lamming's first book had three orders placed for it in Kingston's new bookshop – even though their foreign reputation breeds a certain pride. Despite new funds for art, a three-hour Federal debate on *littérature engagée*, the West Indian novelists remain exiles, and double exiles at that.

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New Zealand Landfall

JAMES BERTRAM
Lecturer in English at Victoria University, Wellington, New Zealand

> In your atlas two islands not in narrow seas
> Like a child's kite anchored in the indifferent blue,
> Two islands pointing from the Pole, upward
> From the Ross Sea and the tall havenless ice:
> Small trade, no secular triumph, men of strength
> Proved at football and in wars not their own.
> (Allen Curnow)

New Zealanders have a reputation for Rugby and soldiering, and the legislation of social security: a pragmatic and capable people, more canny than most. Even the risks they quite often take in climbing mountains or sailing small boats are likely to be calculated risks. Yet they are less easygoing than might appear on the surface; and it is not altogether surprising that they should have come nearest to finding a voice of their own, a conscious identity, through poetry. One might argue (as M. H. Holcroft has done) that they were driven to it by the combination of mountains, the encircling sea, and their double inheritance.

Poetry was a habit in oratory and song for the Maori, and remains their natural mode of thought, though the immense oral tradition of Maori poetry is still largely uncharted and much of it may soon be lost beyond recall. The instinct survives. Recently in a little magazine of the kind that reaches a few hundred readers, a Maori schoolteacher was eloquent, in traditional poetic debate, on the subject of the all-white All-Black tour of South Africa. The Brown Ant addresses The Fair Ant who has accepted the challenge of The Locust (I quote from Naa Hirini's own translation):

> Farewell my elder brother,
> Go to the setting place of the sun.
> You go on a lonely voyage,
> To the land of the enemy . . .
> Leave me here with my thoughts.
> It has been decided by the locust
> That the stars shine down on you alone.

The Maori can no more give up poetry than lose their sense of rhythm, and their natural warmth and humour may, with any luck, continue to leaven the solid British lump.

Yet one still has to account for the fact that so much good verse in English should have been written and published, in the last 30 years, in a country of two and a half million human inhabitants and 50 million sheep. It is certainly not the Welfare State that has done it. Some modest State patronage of the arts in New Zealand began with the centennial celebrations of 1940, and a Literary Fund has since managed to spend a few thousand pounds making occasional grants to writers, and more usefully, subsidising the printing of poetry. The real breakthrough, however, occurred well before this, in the depression years of the early Thirties.

About the time that a romantic expatriate, D'Arcy Cresswell, was peddling his wares through the southern counties ('Good afternoon. I am a New Zealand poet. I am tramping through England and selling my poems as I go along for sixpence each. Would you care to see them?'), two Aucklanders, R. A. K. Mason and A. R. D. Fairburn, living precariously on native soil, managed to hammer out in verse an authentic idiom for New Zealand experience. The primary experience that cried out for expression was simply that of being a New Zealander, not a colonial settler or – like Cresswell, or Katherine Mansfield – an uneasy hoverer between two worlds. Hard times and a hard country produced a hard verse, tough and unsentimental enough to meet daily needs, perhaps to endure. The poetry got printed, thanks largely to the arrival of a number of small private presses – the names of these presses for a New Zealander read like literary battle honours: Caxton, Unicorn, Pegasus, Pilgrim, Pelorus, Mermaid. By the time Allen Curnow published his influential *Book of New Zealand Verse, 1923-45*, it was clear that New Zealand had half a dozen poets of real achievement, and the promise of more.

If the promise has been upheld (and I think it has: I would now name about a dozen New Zealand poets well worth anyone's reading, though I doubt if a literate Englishman knows the names of two of them), a few reasons may be suggested. In 1947 Charles Brasch founded, and has since edited with scholarly distinction, the quarterly *Landfall*. Here at last, after many fugitive forerunners, was a national periodical with firm standards and some critical acumen. *Landfall* has a small regular subsidy from the State Literary Fund, and a circulation of between 1,000 and 1,500. It has tried hard to encourage poetry with sensible awards, and much of the best writing since the war has appeared in its pages. The number of New Zealanders who buy volumes of verse is perhaps 300, but this is just enough: the UK equivalent figure would guarantee poetry sales of 5,000 or more. To quote a rather flattering New Zealand example: Alistair Campbell's first slim collection, *Mine Eyes Dazzle*, sold out an edition of 300 copies at 15s. in a few months, and has since run through two cheaper editions of 500 copies each. This approaches the equivalent of Mr John Betjeman's sales in England, and I would take Campbell before Betjeman, myself, any day.

The *New Zealand Listener*, journal of the NZ Broadcasting Service, prints verse and gives it a much wider audience; the NZBS itself runs a monthly programme on poetry, records verse readings, and has occasionally commissioned, for a slender fee, such work as the verse play *Jack Winter's Dream* by James K. Baxter, perhaps the best-known and certainly the most prolific poet of post-war years. Patronage, direct or indirect, is probably less important for a poet than publication and a few discriminating readers. It might be said that some university teaching appointments have been made, and niches found in a fairly flexible civil service.

Few New Zealand writers (except perhaps Ngaio Marsh) can live by their writing alone. If there are more and better New Zealand poets than, say, novelists or dramatists, one reason clearly is that poetry is more easily made a spare-time occupation. But the real thing is the challenge of first-rate work: once this had been done (and I believe, in poetry, it has been done in New Zealand) young poets have something to write against, something of their own to hold against the latest fashions of Hull or San Francisco. It would be nice to be able to claim that poetry in New Zealand is honoured as the maker's craft was

once honoured in small isolated mountain or fishing communities, that it is given the same passionate and expert appreciation New Zealanders commonly give to racing lines and bloodstock. That claim would be untrue. But a New Zealander may honestly feel that some poets now living, and a few lately dead, have spoken for him in his own accent, and helped him to know his own islands. As here, in a passage from *The Estate*, by Charles Brasch:

Dreaming that I am far from home, I come at dawn
To a white gate under a macrocarpa, giant-grown
Over its shaded paddock of worn and cropped grass
That swelling and curving outward dips, falls into space –
Bare scroll of sky, bare sea, that end-of-the-world sea
Nuzzling our rocks, the rocks of earth. And it is day,
Look, the white gate opens on crystal, on crests of fire
That glow, that hover; and in the stillness I can hear
(As light invokes hillside and town and river-bed
And models boulder and tree out of anonymous shade)
A new wind far off waking in tussock and bed of thorns,
And magpie's water-music among the parched stones.

Negritude in West Africa

ABIOSEH NICOL

Sierra Leonean short-story writer and critic

There is no indigenous West African script, apart from those of two small peoples in the Cameroons and Liberia. The northern range of the country bordering the Sahara has used Arabic script for a few centuries. The middle forest region preserved its history and folklore in songs, stories, dancing and in art forms. Along the coast from Senegal to Angola, the contacts were wholly European. Four or five centuries ago, literacy among the few Africans who bothered to go beyond the spoken word necessary for bartering and slave trading was chiefly in Portuguese. However, apart from Angola and small enclaves and islands in West Africa, this has been entirely lost and was replaced in the last century by English, French and for a short period, German.

There was nothing particularly noteworthy in the English language from West Africa in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century, however, ushered in a literate middle class, largely in Sierra Leone where some of the first schools and colleges were founded, and also in Bathurst, Gambia; Cape Coast, Ghana; and Lagos in Nigeria. Journalism, pamphleteering and published addresses were numerous, together with books and collections of essays such as *Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race* by Dr Edward Blyden, a naturalised Liberian from the former Danish West Indian island of St Thomas's who worked in Liberia, Sierra Leone and Nigeria. *Hints to Europeans on the Preservation of Health in the Tropics* was one of the numerous books by Surgeon-Major James Africanus Beale Horton, an MD of Edinburgh and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society who was a black Freetown Creole doctor writing prolifically in the 1860's and 1870's; he advised the white newcomer to avoid copying old coasters in the frequent use of the bottle and also to avoid the company of ladies who inflamed the passions.

The tradition that doctors, lawyers, teachers and clergymen were the only ones to publish, continued well into the Thirties. It was a band of Ibos from Eastern Nigeria who broke the tradition of amateur genteel writing by Africans of the professional class, in the Thirties and Forties. They were then in the United States and were led by Zik (Dr Nnamdi Azikiwe), who himself wrote *Renascent Africa* (Accra) and other books and was followed by writers like Mbadiwe, Orizu and the late Mbonu Ojike. Like Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, they were mostly educated at American Negro universities, chiefly Lincoln in Pennsylvania. They were certainly a breakaway group from other more wealthy West Africans who had been educated in Britain and had been taught the habit of never complaining and of suffering in dignified silence.

In Britain, the best-known book from this group was that of Ojike, who before his death became Minister of Finance in Eastern Nigeria. His book *My Africa* consists of an autobiographical section and a second part which is more political. Naturally the first part has more interest for Europeans, but it was the latter half which appealed to West Africans. This raises the question of West African readership. At one time few books sold readily on the Coast except textbooks for the GCE – the passport to the economic security of a good job. Most people connected with education or the book trade said this a few years ago with a resigned air. They could not readily remember that the price of a book was about a fourth or more of the salary of a clerk or teacher. Quite often also, the setting and colloquialisms were remote and difficult.

However, pioneers in library services in West Africa like Evelyn Evans of Ghana have shown that by careful display and selection the reading habit can be fostered, especially among the young. But the economic difficulty remains, and the audience of most West African writers in English is bound to be in British and American countries. This means that there is a temptation for African writers to stress the exotic and perhaps sensationally unfamiliar in order to compete successfully with European writers on Africa.

It remains true, however, that the most interesting writing of recent years has been autobiographical; so few readers know the background and thoughts of the dark men who flit in and out of international airports, hold secret sessions in Bandung, Addis Ababa, Cairo and Accra, and the prospect of whose seats and blocs at the United Nations Assembly frightens even *The Times* into an editorial. In this way, Kwame Nkrumah's autobiography has been a best-seller in more than one language and has had great influence. Awolowo, the leading politician in Western Nigeria and a man of great integrity, is publishing one this autumn, in addition to his *Pathway to Nigerian Freedom*, a blueprint for Nigerian independence published about ten years ago.

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One of the most successful of this genre is Camara Laye's *The Dark Child*, translated from the French. This is a simple unaffected account of childhood in a hinterland village which might be anywhere in Africa, but is in fact in Guinea; from his village, he goes to Conakry and then to France as a student. *I Was a Savage*, by Prince Modupe, resembles Laye's book, although deeper perhaps because the author is older. These two books, as distinct from those of the politicians, give a pattern which is illuminating with its innocence of peasant childhood, the adolescent trials of strength, the initiatory circumcision ceremony, the bloom of first love and the first contact with the white man. But it may be dangerous to regard them as completely typical, as many educated West Africans come from an urban background and resent this picture, or alternately feel they are being shamed in public in the usual stereotyped Hollywood fashion. The West African series coming from the Cambridge University Press includes the autobiography of a surgeon who, like most educated Sierra Leoneans, has a century or more of urban literacy behind him, and it will be interesting to note its content and reception.

In biographical fiction, William Conton in *The African* portrays these two worlds of the urban educated and rural illiterate in lucid attractive prose. His novel traces the careers of two boys in West Africa, in Britain and later back at home where they achieve political prominence.

The fictional portrayal of history has been very little exploited because local history before the nineteenth century was not very well documented. In *Things Fall Apart*, the first of his two novels, Chinua Achebe, a Nigerian novelist, shows vividly the changes which have occurred in this century in the rural areas of Eastern Nigeria. Another novel dealing with social change in the villages, this time in Western Nigeria is *One Man, One Wife* by Timothy Aluko. The village drifts into the town, and in the crowded slums of Lagos, Cyprian Ekwensi writes vividly of the spivs, the dance-band players and the demi-mondaines in his novel *People of the City*, the first novel published by a West African in modern times.

The best-known West African writer is the Nigerian Yoruba, Amos Tutuola, whose first book, *The Palm Wine Drinkard*, is probably the best. His language is often incorrect in grammar and spelling but is fairly comprehensible. He is the despair of the educational authorities in Nigeria because every page of Tutuola's successful novels carry at least two or three of the errors they spend their lives correcting every day in their pupils. Tutuola escaped this process by leaving school early to start life as an office boy. His imaginative powers are staggering. It is true that he sometimes borrows heavily from Yoruba folk-lore but he adds his own horrific embellishments.

In a quite different way Camara Laye in his novel *The Radiance of the King*, takes us into a more mystical jungle where Clarence, a white man, journeys south through the forest to seek the black king, trying to come to terms with the African metaphysical environment. This latter may be part of that area of hope and experience called Negritude.

The Senegalese poet-statesman Léopold Sédar Senghor has been one of the great exponents of Negritude, although a long essay by Sartre, in *Présence Africaine* forms a good introduction to it. Negritude is to some African, West Indian and American Negro intellectuals what the Graeco-Roman-Christian ethos is to the European. It implies pride in being of Negro origin, and in the nobility, song, dance and art of the Negro past and present. It denies the spiritual poverty and baseness which the western world repeatedly attributes to those of African origin. Thus it seems to me to get some of its motive force from European oppression. Its achievements include the Negro influence on Modigliani and Picasso and range from Billie Holiday singing the blues to the Benin bronzes at Sotheby's. Naturally its influence is greatest on the coloured artist and intellectual and on those who feel overwhelmed and suffocated under white civilisation. It could hardly affect emotionally, for example, the busy African Chairman of a Palm Oil Marketing Board, although he would claim it proudly, if asked. Negritude displays itself best in poetry, especially French, as in Senghor himself, and Aimé Cesaire and Damas from the West Indies. Perhaps this is because in colonising territories, the French have tried to colonise the minds of Africans and Asians too and win them for French civilisation, so that when protest arises it is more forceful in its expression. But the British West African himself is not completely silent:

> Let me play with the white man's ways,
> Let me work with the black man's brains,
> Let my affairs themselves sort out . . .

So Denis Osadebay, a Nigerian poet-statesman, writes in his *Africa Sings*.

There are a few privately printed collections of West African poetry, but the most important source is that from the BBC Overseas Services in its regional literary programme *West African Voices*, formerly produced by Henry Swanzy. Some of these poems appeared in a small and rather indifferently edited anthology of West African verse in 1957. Swanzy himself has prepared a better but more regionalised anthology *Voices of Ghana*, giving a kaleidoscopic view of the literary talent of that country. One of the most outstanding Ghanaian writers is Efua Sutherland, a woman poet whose grasp of English enables her to distil a powerful essence in verse of Ghanaian folklore and subjective musings. The diplomatic corps of Ghana appears to follow the French Claudel-Perse tradition in producing poets and verse dramatists like Kayper-Mensah and Dei-Anang. In Nigeria, a Yoruba grammar school headmaster Adeboye Babalola has translated and added his own elegant touches to Yoruba folklore poetry and proverbs.

It would at first sight seem difficult for West Africans to write anything distinctively nationalistic in serious scholarship. In fact they themselves ask to be judged only by an international standard. But a blend of scholarly and analytic discipline combined with an intimate familiarity with the environment has helped to produce outstanding treatises on West African jurisprudence like those of Danquah, Coker and the Oxford Nigerian scholar, Dr Elias, especially; also the sociological researches of the Ghanaian Professor Busia now holding a chair at the Hague. A band of West African scholars trained at Oxbridge and Scottish Universities are publishing their interpretation of colonial expansion in West Africa. Professor Kenneth Dike (pronounced Deekay) the distinguished Principal of University College, Ibadan, is the doyen of this elite which includes writers like the Nana Nketia, Biobaku, Ajayi, deGraft Johnson, and Arthur Porter. In Britain all that is heard and taught of West Africa is of intrepid explorers, self-sacrificing missionaries and outstanding administrators working towards the Pax Britannica, and indeed there have been these; but it is revealing to read *Eminent Nigerians of the Nineteenth Century* to see the other side of the coin.

Outlets for creative writing include Ulli Beier's *Black Orpheus* from the Ministry of Education, Ibadan and on a more general level *West African Review* and *West Africa*, published in London and the Johannesburg *Drum*, which publishes a West African edition. The last produced the best anthology of African writing available so far, *Darkness and Light*, patiently collected and imaginatively introduced by Peggy Rutherfoord.

On the Continent, *Présence Africaine*, in Paris at their small office on the Left Bank, packed from floor to ceiling with books, have for years published a journal of Afro-West Indian writing in French and English produced by a Senegalese couple, Alioune and Christiane Diop, and edited by a devoted band of Europeans and Africans. Their committee has organised two conferences of Negro writers and artists, the first in Paris in 1956 and the second in Rome last year; the reports of these substantially express the viewpoint of present-day Negro intellectuals. The barrier of expression in the different European languages, plus the different educational thought processes of the colonising powers, has sometimes held back complete understanding between West Africans themselves. It has been the task of a polylingual literary scholar, Janheinz Jahn, a German working at Frankfurt University, to seek the true underlying Negritude in the minds of Negro writers, whether in English, French, Spanish or Portuguese.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Heresy Vindicated

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

The Enlightenment was an unconscionable time in coming. Who would have said, in 1500, that another two centuries must elapse before modern Europe could at last feel equal to Antiquity? Already in those days, the days of the Renaissance, of Ficino and Erasmus and Pico della Mirandola, of the science of Copernicus, the political sense of Machiavelli and the rational religion of the Pre-Reform, the moment seemed in sight. And then, within a generation, came the reaction. The ideological windbags were opened, the religious bigots stampeded, and the kings and statesmen harnessed to their new power all the forces of orthodoxy old and new. Machiavelli and Erasmus were pulped, the scientists Servetus and Bruno were burnt, the religious reformers were scattered or destroyed. The first Enlightenment, it seemed, was snuffed out, and nowhere more effectively than in its first home, Italy.

And yet it was not dead: under the smothering weight of the new church-states it flickered on, and where they weakened or could not reach – in Holland, in Venice, in the few unabsorbed free cities of Europe – it sometimes even shone. Its prophets no longer spoke openly from assured positions. They did not sit in university chairs (the clergy saw to that), nor write openly to princes or statesmen, as Erasmus had done. Outwardly they conformed in all things. They met in private academies, outside the universities, formed secret societies, like the Rosicrucians, used private language and cultivated, in their style, the exquisite pleasures of double-tongued irony. They could not challenge the Establishment: it was too strong; but at least they sought to penetrate it, to corrode it from within, under an impassive, smiling mask of complete orthodoxy. Naturally the really orthodox were furious, and none more furious than the Jesuits, outwitted at their own game. But provided the Enlightened were discreet, they remained inaccessible to vulgar persecution. They could build up their forces, instil their poison, and await their opportunity; and for the indiscreet, the passionate, outspoken bohemians who went and got themselves burnt, they had, perhaps, too little sympathy.

It was in the early seventeenth century, somewhere about 1620, that the first general opportunity came. Then was the crisis of the great church-states, inwardly rotten, outwardly overblown. And in their weakness, the heretics spoke out. Bacon from the Woolsack of England, Campanella from the dungeons of Naples, a couple of obscure chemists in Paris placed their bags of dynamite under the great totem-figure of Aristotle which dominated the schools. Vanini, a fugitive from Italy, was rash enough to preach the doctrines of the silenced Italian philosophers in 'the devout city of Toulouse'; 'Socinianism', driven from Italy to Poland by the Counter-Reformation, returned, via Holland, to undermine the basis now of Protestant orthodoxy; and German mysticism, scattered by the Thirty Years War, subtly infused itself into all doctrines.

Of course the Establishment was not going to yield at the first shock. It gathered its forces and struck back. Baconianism was driven underground in England: Archbishop Laud declared the authority of Aristotle 'paramount' at Oxford. The Parlement of Paris, instigated by the Sorbonne, forbade attacks on Aristotle, on pain of death. Vanini was burnt in Toulouse; a teacher of mysticism was burnt in Paris. And if the Jesuits failed to secure the same fate for the poet Theophile de Viau, that was not for lack of trying. So the Establishment recovered its poise – for a time.

But the 'Libertines' did not give up. Leaving their weaker brethren to be burnt, they concentrated on the task ahead. Slowly, persistently, in monarchical France and England, they colonised the Establishment. Even the Laudian church, in England, was infected with 'Socinianism'. When Rome became too hot for Campanella and condemned Galileo, it was Cardinal Richelieu's ambassador who conveyed the person of one and the condemned work of the other to safety in France: the France in which Gassendi and Descartes could subvert Aristotle with impunity because one was an established clergyman and both were marvellously discreet.

So began the long slow process of reconquest. The generation from 1620 to 1660 was like the generation of Erasmus and Machiavelli: a great generation. It achieved its triumph in the 1640's and 1650's. Then Hobbes blew up the sacred taboos of the past, and the disciples of Bacon gathered to build the future Royal Society in republican England; then Pascal punctured the Jesuits, and the disciples of Gassendi and Descartes began their competition for the mind of France. Thanks to them, scepticism assumed a new, constructive character. The old, unlimited scepticism of Montaigne could end in bigotry: if we can know nothing, why should we not – as Pascal ultimately did – plunge blindly into the pit of faith? The new, limited scepticism of Descartes was the basis of rationalism. So the years round 1650 mark the beginning of the Enlightenment as a continuous process. Then the witch-cult at last collapsed in the centres of civilisation, then the new science was accepted, then the bogey of the Schoolmen's Aristotle was effectively buried with the Schoolmen's Latin, in which alone venerable nonsense could still sound plausible, at least to academic ears. No doubt there were still protests. Descartes was put on the Index. An Aristotelian demanded that Gassendi be burnt. Louis XIV tried to put Aristotle back in his place and, to make things easier for orthodoxy, kicked the Huguenots out of France. Bishop Bossuet applauded these christian virtues of 'the new Constantine' and wished that the 30,000 odd witches, whom he suspected of adding to the confusion, might be found and burnt. In England Hobbes burnt his papers on hearing that the bishops wanted to burn him. But these were desperate cries: in fact the old forces were clearly ebbing, and the 'Libertines' could at last build, and build to last, upon the reclaimed land.

And how they built! Provided they took certain elementary precautions, there seemed now no real danger. Of course, they must not make frontal attacks on orthodoxy, but what need was there now for frontal attacks? An educated laity could draw deductions from analogy, see through the thin veil of discretion, discount lip-service, relish irony. And meanwhile the solid work of construction went on. Travellers bringing back accounts of sophisticated eastern religions from China and India, made comparative study possible. Massive compilations laid a new basis of history on which Voltaire and Gibbon could afterwards rear their stately architecture. In France as in England, in spite of Louis XIV and Bossuet, in spite of expulsions and dragonnades, the victory was won. The only difference was that the French social structure was more hostile. But its hostility could be evaded, its guardians corrupted. The works of the philosophers were printed in Holland, not France; or they circulated in manuscript, as clandestine tracts. When Europe rose in arms against Louis XIV the Dutch presses were busier, the manuscripts circulated faster. Those years of war were the years of the final struggle between 'Ancients' and 'Moderns' in both England and France. After that European philosophers ceased to fight under Greek and Roman leaders: they had their own. And in the same years the greatest propagandist of the Moderns, a French Huguenot, sitting in the freedom of Holland, turned out with remorseless energy those massive works of enlightened erudition, the Encyclopaedia before the Encyclopaedia: Pierre Bayle.

It is easy to see the Enlightenment as one long, European process. Its stages are similar: the European Pre-Reform of 1500, the new challenge of 1620, the breakthrough of 1650, the massing of forces from 1680, and finally, after 1740, the conquest. Nevertheless, when we come down to details, the differences are very great. The final conquest was the work of a coalition: a coalition between the Anglo-Dutch Enlightenment which we can trace back, if we wish, to the alliance of Erasmus and More, and the French Enlightenment whose origins were with the Italian philosophers of the Renaissance and their fugitive successors, Cardano, Vanini, Campanella. Of course there were always links between these two movements, but they were tenuous links. Basically they were separate movements.

This basic separation emerges clearly from Mr Spink's learned and detailed study of the French movement from 1620 to

* *French Free-Thought from Gassendi to Voltaire.* By J. S. SPINK. *Athlone Press.* 50*s.*

1740*. The English Enlightenment in the seventeenth century begins with Bacon, the intellectual patron of the Royal Society. When Colbert consulted Christian Huyghens about the programme of the French Academy in 1666, the Dutchman urged that it follow 'le dessein de Verulamius'; but we hear no more of Bacon in France. The solvent of old doctrinal lumps in England was Socinianism, but even Bayle disowned Socinianism for France. The influence of Jakob Boehme was great in England: in France we hear little or nothing of 'the Teutonic philosopher': French pantheism came from Italian, not German sources. And where, in France, can we find equivalents to the Platonists, the Quakers, the Deists whose influence in England was so great? Hobbes lived in France, knew Gassendi and Mersenne, but drew little thence and conveyed little thither; and Gassendi, Cyrano, Descartes were no better known in England than he or his rivals in France.

For if the English Enlightenment was empirical and mystical, the French, in the seventeenth century, was classical and intellectual. Against Aristotle Bacon exalted human observation: Gassendi exalted Epicurus and Lucretius. The English radicals appealed to the 'Inner Light', the conscience; the French to the objective certainties of mathematics. When the idol of Aristotle collapsed in France, it was not Platonic mysticism which filled the void: Platonism had but little hold even in seventeenth century France, and there were none of those 'sects' whose traditions, in England, were afterwards fused in Deism. The struggle for the inheritance was between Epicurean atomism and Cartesian mathematics. The solvent, fertilising mysticism of England was denounced as savouring of the unspeakable Dutch atheist Spinoza. Perhaps it was feared too as the philosophy of social radicalism. At all events, it would not do for the rational latin mind.

And then, after 1715, the end of the long war completed that fusion of the two systems which the French Huguenots had begun. I wish Mr Spink did not stop so soon: for this is surely the great moment. Now at last English deism, purged of its radical past, was acceptable abroad. Newton disowned his early debt to Jakob Boehme, his secret Socinianism; deism was accepted implicitly by Montesquieu; and Voltaire, visiting England, could make Newton and Locke acceptable in France. Thanks to that fusion, France replaced England as the capital of the Enlightenment. Hume had to visit France, as Gibbon had to visit Lausanne, in order to bring the new spirit back to its old home. It was from France that the Enlightenment was carried to Prussia, Austria, Russia. And although in Spain it owed more to England, such was the propaganda success of the French *philosophes* that it was they who were able to claim the credit for it. What if they did? It does not matter. The essential thing is that the victory was won: won, as victories against tyranny generally are, by a slow, painfully organised, perhaps uncomfortable coalition: a coalition of heretics.

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Was Israel a Mistake?

A Nation Reborn. By R. H. S. Crossman. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Crossman first came into prominence as an active politician (as opposed to a superb exponent of Plato and a journalist of genius) when Ernest Bevin picked him to sit on the Anglo-American Palestine Commission in 1945. Bevin had already made his choice in Palestine – he wanted the Jews to form a powerless but tolerated religious minority in an Arab state protected by Britain – and he intended to use the Commission merely as an instrument to gain time. He picked Crossman because he believed he would be intellectually unsympathetic to Zionism. This was a major error. Crossman quickly grasped, with brutal logic, that the Palestine problem was simply a choice between two evils. Was anti-semitism to be allowed to continue as an international scourge, at the price of appeasing Arab nationalism? Or were the Jews to be permitted to create a homogeneous state, for the 'ingathering' of world Jewry, at the price of wrecking Britain's Middle-East empire? He judged that the second evil was the lesser one, stuck to this choice with unflinching courage, savaged Bevin in the process and wrecked his own chances of office under Attlee. A clear-headed, unemotional support for Zionism has thus become the one really consistent thread in his political career. Even more remarkable, he has combined this with great knowledge and understanding of the Arab viewpoint, which has won him the respect, and even the friendship, of some of their statesmen.

This short book – expanded from a series of lectures given at the Weizmann Institute in Israel – constitutes his considered reflections on the whole business. As such, it is in no sense a historical narrative; indeed, it assumes that the reader is already familiar with many of the details as well as the main outline of the Zionist struggle. It is rather an analysis of the motives of the three men – Weizmann, Bevin and Ben-Gurion – who were the chief actors in the drama.

Weizmann, whom Crossman grew to know and admire in the twilight of his life, is presented as the most sympathetic: an intellectual aristocrat, whose ability to charm and enthuse the British ruling class made the entire experiment possible. Weizmann, Crossman believes, was temperamentally a conservative, who encouraged his people to adopt radical institutions for severely practical reasons. He brought to the new state its characteristic flavour of British pragmatism. Bevin, by contrast, was coarse and dogmatic. He failed to grasp that the Jews were a race rather than a religious group and could not be fobbed off with trade union quota arrangements. Initially, he was not anti-semitic. He swallowed the advice of his permanent officials, whose instincts coincided with his own; then, made obstinate by opposition and failure, pressed it through to its logical conclusion in a way that eventually terrified them.

Ben-Gurion was the man of action who took charge when Weizmann, whose talents were political and diplomatic, was forced into the background by the breakdown of relations with the British. Weizmann's last service to his people, as Crossman points out, was to secure a two-thirds majority at the Assembly and so provide the new state with a firm basis in international law. But the future lay with Ben-Gurion and his disciples. Evidently, Crossman finds their combination of brash realism, respect for force and pretentious bible-quoting much less sympathetic. At any rate, he has curiously little to say about Ben-Gurion. But he does concede that modern Israel, as Ben-Gurion has shaped it, approximates reasonably closely to the Zion Weizmann had dreamed about as a schoolboy of eleven.

These portraits are woven into an essay of great power and skill, which can and should be read at a sitting. Even those who have already wrestled with the frightful dilemma of Palestine will find it enlightening; for Crossman has the true don's gift of clarifying the issues. He very nearly succeeded in removing my last lingering doubts about the wisdom of creating Israel. It is one of the characteristics of this problem that, even after one has reached a firm intellectual conclusion, one finds oneself neurotically re-examining the rival arguments. Although I am broadly in sympathy with his viewpoint, I lack Crossman's certitude and I fear that the struggle will go on within me until the day – alas, far off – when the new state is at peace with its neighbours. Perhaps this is the result of the psychological stress set up by unconscious anti-semitism which, as Crossman rightly remarks, is present in all gentiles.

Yet I think the origins of doubt lie deeper. I support Israel not because it has cured anti-semitism (it plainly has not; or, rather, where the instinct now lacks physical nourishment it has found other victims to feed on), but because it is a unique Socialist experiment – the nearest thing to a democratic Socialist state we are ever likely to see. But at the same time it is a flagrant historical anomaly, offending the residual Marxism which forms the intellectual hard core of all Socialists. For

the creation of Israel as an unequivocal venture in European colonialist settlement came at precisely the time when the historic process of colonialism was plainly, and rightly, ending. Hence Israel sticks out like a sore thumb in the tidy pattern of an epoch. Moreover, it is a colony based not on such 'normal' emotions as greed – which can adapt themselves to circumstances – but on an uncompromising idea, for which the only historic precedent is, oddly enough, the tragic Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem. Can any state which so grossly challenges the experience of history survive?

Crossman does not entirely satisfy me on these points, and there is one on which he does not touch at all. I have little sympathy for the dispossessed Arabs, still less for the Arab governments which keep them in misery. But I have a great deal for the European nations which find themselves, through the 'ingathering', stripped of their Jewish minorities. In central Europe, the irreplaceable Jewish leaven, which played a vital historic role in the crystallisation of the continental culture, has virtually disappeared, leaving unimaginable dullness behind. And I fear that the leaven, concentrated in Israel and deprived of its gentile dough, will refuse to function. The loss to western civilisation, even balanced by the success of the Israeli experiment in Socialism, may therefore be a real one.

I do not say that this argument is conclusive. It is merely a train of thought, sparked by Crossman's analysis of one of the most important and fascinating debates of our age. It is also an index of this book's supreme virtue: the ability to stimulate fresh ideas on a subject which, it is often said, has been argued to death.

PAUL JOHNSON

Detection and Crime

Madame Maigret's Friend. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Murder in Style. By REX STOUT. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Restless Redhead. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Well-Known Face. By JOSEPHINE BELL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Murder by Request. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

The Fatal Pool. By JOHN RHODE. *Bles.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

A Stranger in My Grave. By MARGARET MILLAR. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Bony and the Kelly Gang. By ARTHUR UPFIELD. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Sleep Long My Love. By HILARY WAUGH. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Killer's Choice. By ED MCBAIN. *Boardman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Why did *Madame Maigret's Friend* make her miss a dentist's appointment by leaving her for hours in charge of a two-year-old toddler in a Paris square, and then hop off in a taxi without a word of thanks? Because two human teeth had been sifted by the police from the ashes of a furnace a week before – and Maigret was assigned to the case. The long arm of coincidence never bodes any good; and this is not one of Simenon's masterpieces. There are too many characters involved to give play to Maigret's speciality of psychological insight; and so little detection that the book amounts to a mere thriller. But the writing and the dialogue carry the characteristic Simenon tang which never palls.

The plot of *Murder in Style* is set in the literary world of New York. (Authors and publishers are naturally articulate and vociferous; and the detection, of necessity, proves a rather wordy affair.) Successful best-sellers are being milked by phoney claims of plagiarism and call on Nero Wolfe to help out; for which task he is forced to read their books and those of the claimants, and concludes on stylistic grounds that there is only one real claimant at work. Then the claimants start getting murdered. Mr Stout's solution is extremely ingenious; but one is obliged to follow the complications of his text very closely to appreciate it.

In *The Case of the Restless Redhead* Perry Mason displays his formidable forensic ability in *two* court scenes and, as an extra titbit, coaches a junior attorney in the subtleties of Californian cross-examination. The girl is first acquitted of stealing diamonds, and then framed to perfection for the murder of her ex-lover. The Erle Stanley Gardner writing-machine chugs along at its regular cruising speed, with its admirably hard head for facts and its lamentably soft heart for redheads.

Miss Josephine Bell is never happier than when writing about medical men. In *A Well-Known Face* a doctor, who has been struck off the register and vanished abroad, returns home unexpectedly and his body is found next morning in his dining-room. His wife happens to have been sleeping that night with another doctor upstairs. And there is even a third doctor, as well as a police surgeon, to complicate the situation. No shortage of barbiturates or hypodermics! If Miss Bell would refrain from elaborating her characters so lavishly she would fare better: as it is, she gives her show away almost recklessly in her novelist's zeal. But her plot is plausible enough and more convincing than any detection she has turned out in recent years.

The scene of operations in *Murder by Request* is one of those new-fangled hygienic establishments where a diet of orange juice and raw carrots sustains life in the inmates for short periods at considerable expense. A financier induces tubby Horatio Green, the detective with a sensitive nose, to undergo a cure there, and proceeds to get shot in the dark during a television session. Anyone who can plough through Mr Nichols's glutinous style and Green's whimsies will be rewarded; for the plot is cunningly devised and may well spring a surprise.

Who drowned the girl in *The Fatal Pool* before breakfast? I rather fancied that big dog, myself; but that would have been cheating: and Mr Rhode never played a mean trick in his long scrupulous life. So off we go, trudging up and down with Jimmy Waghorn after bicyclists and postmen and bird-watchers until our knees give out. This is one of Mr Rhode's most painstaking and stodgy excursions, and I advise readers to jump to their conclusions without leaving the breakfast table.

With Miss Millar we can be sure we are in for something weird. Her characters deviate so far from well-integrated personalities that their behaviour is never predictable and may be downright spooky. In *A Stranger in My Grave* the Californian heroine, 'a Daddy-loving girl', dreams that she sees her own tombstone with the date of her death,

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Publishers will be invited to the studio to talk over their problems. Young writers seeking a forum for their ideas will find it with 'The Book Man', and visits will be made to authors whose works and personalities are better understood against the background of their own homes. Highlights from literary luncheons, arranged by ABC Television in London and the provinces will also be featured on the programmes.

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NEW TIMINGS

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'December 2, 1955.' She finds the grave, but there is someone else in it already. What happened to *her* on that date? Analysts take over! Miss Millar's juggling with abnormal psychology may make your flesh creep once again.

Bony and the Kelly Gang sees Mr Upfield straying from the rigours of detection into the lush playground of romantic adventure. (If this tendency persists Mr Upfield will have to be sent off the field.) Napoleon Bonaparte, thinly disguised as a sort of half-caste Irishman, is sent to a hidden valley in New South Wales populated by wild Irish to solve the murder of an exciseman. And some boisterous high jinks follow, me bhoy! There is plenty of violence, some excitement, little mystery and no end of a mess.

A girl's torso in a trunk in the cellar of an empty house in *Sleep Long My Love* starts the Connecticut police off on a long slogging investigation, admirably conducted throughout in terse prose by Mr Waugh. Identifying the torso takes half the book. After that, the trail of the chap who chopped her is lost time and again for lack of clues. But the solution when reached proves a three-star affair, and, in Michelin terms, 'vaut le voyage.'

This is the 87th Precinct. Wipe that limey smile off your face! In *Killer's Choice* a gorgeous girl is shot to pieces in a liquor store and the cops discard their commas and semicolons and buckle on their .38s in quest of the assassin. (Full stops are the only recognised punctuation in the 87th Precinct.) The pace is fast, the writing vivid, the characters utterly perfunctory, and the murderer quite a pleasant surprise.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

New Novels

The Project. By ANDREW SINCLAIR. *Faber.* 15*s.*

A Number of Things. By HONOR TRACY. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

A Flag in the Map. By JOHN BRANFIELD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

Confessions of a Mask. By YUKIO MISHIMA. Translated by MEREDITH WEATHERBY. *Owen.* 18*s.*

In *The Project,* Mr Sinclair closes his circle around a group of scientists and a rocket testing range. The new missile is powerful enough to reach Moscow. There is always something powerful enough to reach somewhere and we hope no man or woman will ever reach the kind of logical conclusion which, coupled with an itching thumb, could turn the world into a radio-active orange. This is what *The Project* is about. I put it at the head of the column because of the four novels under review I found it the most carefully and expertly constructed; in consequence the most readable. I heard the sound of the smith at work and shaping truly. It is a good sound.

It is not a novel I much took to in other respects; partly, I think, because the subject in isolation was curiously unmoving (which may be proof of my own sickness), but mostly because each of the characters struck me as handpicked for a closed, blue-print occasion: Axel, in charge of the project, tall, handsome, attractive to women but bent as an old hairpin inside and incapable of orgasm (ominous in the world of rockets); Helen, nymphomaniac wife of Patrick, Irish scientist and what Osborne called a once-a-day man; Heff, hunchback and *voyeur*; lower-class Harold and his higher-class and sublimated Lesbian wife, Andy; James, security officer with simple looks and manner as part of his stock-in-trade. These are the only people we meet, and over the nine, dark, desert hours before count down they play peculiar, vicious games, make love, confess, check instruments and have qualms of scientific and spiritual conscience. In the end I had to admit – rather reluctantly because they are well observed and cleverly communicated – that they were there when something happened but that nothing really happened because they were there.

Honor Tracy's new novel, *A Number of Things,* is more thrown together than composed; but I enjoyed it and shall remember it with affection. It is full of people whose vitality is greater than the author quite manages to pin down. I'm sure the main trouble lies in the hero Henry Lamb not taking charge of the book (and imposing a discipline on everyone else) until he punches a man on the jaw at a party, and that doesn't happen until the book is half over.

Having written a novel called *Gentlemen Prefer Gentlemen* (Henry doesn't), as a lark, and been taken seriously by the critics, he is sent to report the West Indies by a nasty-sounding periodical called *Torch* which directs itself at the fools who treat those of us with dark skins like sensitive lumps of coal instead of like human beings who are sometimes enchanting (Candida Firebrace, nubile citizen of Port-of-Spain, mixed up with churches of different denominations and also mixed up with Henry), sometimes screaming bores (Orlando Figgis whose feelings will be hurt if Henry doesn't make use of his cockroach-infested flat), and who, in the mass, are as likely to strike the eye, the ear and the nose as disagreeably as a British Railways cross-channel steamer crowd.

Henry, well brought up, a bit of a traditionalist and so, recognisable as very much a modern young man in disgrace for the punch on the jaw and for speaking his mind, is sacked by *Torch* and returns to England and the Rectory just as the critics discover his book was a spoof. You couldn't say he was disenchanted because Henry is a man who knows what he likes and prefers what he knows. My one regret (and his, I think), is that he lost all trace of Candida Firebrace who at HE's luncheon party speaks a memorable grace:

> . . . Bless all these top people gathered together in Thy Name and who welcomed me like I was one of themselves . . . Bless the Governor's son here beside me and vouchsafe unto his parents the cash to get married. Bless them all real good, Lord, for they were real good to Thy Servant Firebrace and permitted her to eat her fill and slake her thirst regardless of the current price of living. Hallelujah . . .

A Flag in the Map is John Branfield's first novel, and his hero, Peter Mowser, could give Miss Tracy's Henry Lamb a few pointers about grabbing a book by the scruff of its neck and engaging the reader's attention from the word go. Peter is also a young man of his time, one could say of all time. He wants a girl who will go to bed with him without any fuss and nonsense afterwards. He is less cunning but more successful than Keith Waterhouse's *Billy Liar,* but the trap still closes. I was reminded by the way it closes of Stan Barstow's recent *A Kind of Loving.* Branfield's hero is better breeched than Barstow's who had nothing but the pregnant

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girl friend and a working lad's reluctant sense of duty to inspire him to hope that something of the spirit could be retrieved from the mess, but the same note of poetic materialism is there. It is an entertaining and lively first novel in which again I caught the fine smell of the novelist's forge.

Confessions of a Mask, by Yukio Mishima, was first published in Japan ten years ago. It seems to have been translated with great skill by Meredith Weatherby. It is the most deeply felt of all the books I review here. I'm not sure that I call it a novel. It is a first person narrative by a Japanese boy who analyses and illustrates the growth of his sexual preference for men and stops when he feels he has proved his point. For a long time now I have not cared who goes to bed with what and so 250 pages of explanation was, for me, excessive. I doubt that in itself, by itself, this is a valid subject for a novel. As an integral part of the human comedy it can be tragic, funny, sad or simply there, depending on the author's intentions. Isolated in clinical detail the effect is a bit claustrophobic, and I had the uncharitable thought that all this boy needed was a jolly, Japanese girl with a lot of flesh and patience to match.

PAUL SCOTT

Week-end Competition

No. 1,594 **Set by Peter Pimlico**

The following appeared in *The Times* personal column last week:

> Titled persons interested in being appointed a director of a subsidiary in Great Britain of an International Group should write giving full particulars in strictest confidence to the Managing Director . . .

The usual prizes are offered for replies from Jane Austen's Lady Catherine de Bourgh, Thackeray's Marquess of Steyne, Trollope's Duke of Omnium, Henry James's Lord Warburton, Oscar Wilde's Lady Bracknell, Aldous Huxley's Lord Edward Tantamount, Evelyn Waugh's Margot Metroland, Nancy Mitford's Lord Radlett (Uncle Matthew), or Dorothy Sayers's Lord Peter Wimsey. Limit 100 words; entries by 20 September.

Result of No. 1,591 **Set by Fulvia**

Before the Olympic Games open, officials are plastering over some of the Fascist slogans in Mussolini's Foro Italico. Rioting has already taken place. Comments are invited in the manner of Gibbon, Macaulay (*Lays of Ancient Rome*), Byron (*Childe Harold*), Clough (*Amours de Voyage*). Limit 100 words, or 12 lines.

Report

As a favourite for pastiche, Macaulay jog-trotted to an easy victory: Clough finished fourth with only two entrants, both outstanding. Pitfalls included Macaulay's metrical precision, Gibbon's unpompous sonority, and the 'romauntic' diction of *Childe Harold*, which several competitors failed to master. H. A. C. Evans's parody of what he called 'Clough's horrible hexameters' began brilliantly:

> Here, then, I was, in the Foro Italico, Murray as usual
> Under my arm, when some workmen began to demolish the slogans
> Proudly proclaiming an empire as dead as the vile Mussolini . . . .

– but later took prosodic liberties more reminiscent of *Don Juan* than of *Amours de Voyage*. Commended: G. J. Blundell, Trooper Jones, Allan M. Laing and John Digby. Two guineas each to P. W. R. Foot, R. Kennard Davis and A. M. Robertson, a guinea to Alberick.

BYRON

Slogans make the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion! Words on murm'ring wings,
To found the sects and systems, to whom add,
Despots, bards, statesmen, all unquiet things
Which pound too strongly the soul's secret springs,
Releasing Death as opening flowers, cool
And lovely; yet unloveable! What stings
Are theirs! His breast laid open were a school –
Yet can't unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule.

P. W. R. FOOT

CLOUGH

Claude to Eustace

Yes, I have witnessed a riot, or is it perhaps revolution?
That I cannot yet say, but certainly it was a riot!
What was the cause? you enquire. Our rulers, the drab politicians,
Sought to erase from the floor of the grand Olympic arena
Words and signs that evoked strange memories, deeply cherished –
Thoughts of one who was not, men feel, a drab politician!
'Tyrant!' yes you may say, 'warmonger, boaster, deceiver,
Bringer of death and disgrace, chief architect of disaster!'
Ah, but he gave men dreams of glory and life heroic.
Man, it appears, needs dreams, as sauce to his macaroni,
Dreams that he will not gain from a thousand drab politicians!
Hence a riot arose, or is it perhaps revolution?

R. KENNARD DAVIS

GIBBON

On those celebrated walls, the Augustans, to perpetuate the glories of an Imperial City, incised elegant inscriptions commemorating the virtues of heroes. In a later age, the Umbrian painters, to wed an ancient religion to a yet more ancient culture, depicted with classical proportion the sufferings of saints. THEIR posterity, to celebrate an occasion of international good will, have, on those same walls, scrawled 'graffiti' in glorification of a band of blackguards, in comparison with whom the most degenerate scions of the Julian house must appear as enlightened and benevolent statesmen.

A. M. ROBERTSON

That year lavish preparations were made for the seventeenth series of Olympic Games, to which an immense concourse of Competitors and Spectators assembled, braving the sultry heat of a Roman August. The City Fathers, alive to the prevailing sentiment of political opinion, resolved that all surviving traces of Mussolini's dictatorship must disappear from his *Foro Italico*. Whereupon certain persons, whose interests doubtless had suffered from the restoration of Democracy, interrupted the work of obliterating Fascist inscriptions by stirring up civil commotion of such violence as could only be suppressed by the most prompt and vigorous action of authority.

ALBERICK

MACAULAY

The Fathers of the City
Reacted with dismay:
They whitewashed all the slogans
And drove the mob away.
Yet little need was there to rue
This petty escapade –
The dirty work, the calling names,
The brazen claims and counter-claims,
(In short, the spirit of the Games)
Soon put it in the shade!

A. M. ROBERTSON

BOOKS FROM CALDER

Green Henry GOTTFRIED KELLER
Translated by A. M. Holt

Switzerland's greatest novel, *Der grüne Heinrich* appears for the first time in English translation. Largely autobiographical, this masterly work gives us a superb picture of nineteenth century life and thought, woven into the story of a young artist's struggle for fame. 21s.

Arnold Schoenberg H. H. STUCKENSCHMIDT
Translated by Humphrey Searle and Edith Roberts

The first critical biography of probably the most outstanding figure in 20th Century music to appear in England, this book is written by the well-known German critic, H. H. Stuckenschmidt, who studied with Schoenberg. "This is a temperate, sympathetic but judicious account of the life of the most controversial musician of the century" — Times Literary Supplement. 21s.
Illustrated.

Portrait of a Man Unknown NATHALIE SARRAUTE
Translated by Maria Jolas, Preface by Jean-Paul Sartre

Written by the brilliant, new French novelist, this book reads like a thriller and is in fact a parody on the novel of "quest": an impassioned amateur detective who becomes fascinated by a perfectly ordinary couple — father and daughter — and spies on them continually. ". . . it is a remarkable work, provoking far more questions — about life and art — than most good novels succeed in doing"—Philip Toynbee, The Observer. 18s.

CALDERBOOK PAPERBACKS

The Arms Race PHILIP NOEL-BAKER
A lucid and balanced appraisal of the disarmament problem by the winner of the 1959 Nobel Peace Prize. ". . . . there's no excuse for anyone not to equip himself with it"—Tribune. 12s. 6d.

International Theatre Annual 2
Edited by JOHN WAIN 14s. 6d.

Rhinoceros, The Leader, The Future is in Eggs EUGENE IONESCO
7s. 6d.

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Some Like It Hot

Hot money has been swirling into Britain tumultuously since the Swiss followed the Germans in taking steps to keep it out. It was coming in fast enough before. Britain's short-term debts to foreigners rose by £96m in the second quarter of this year to their highest level since the autumn of 1951; only £40m of this borrowed money was added to the gold reserve, the rest being used to cover a payments deficit. Since then, with Bank Rate purposefully raised to 6 per cent, the flood has risen higher. The gold reserve (before special payments) rose by £57m in July despite the worsening of the trade balance; in August, the first of the seasonally bad months, it rose by another £52m. It could fall quickly by a good deal more than this if Grandma fails to maintain confidence in sterling – unless foreigners continue to take advantage of the high interest rates we are good enough to offer them by leaving here a good deal more money than they need for ordinary commercial purposes.

There are two difficulties in working this sort of confidence trick. The first is that it mortgages domestic economic policy to the whims of the little gnomes in Zurich (and Brussels). The second is that speculation loves its cycles: money moves into a market, pushes up prices, creates confidence, brings in new money, pushes up prices further . . . and so on, *accelerando*; once the speed slackens, the cycle is ready to reverse itself. Grandma has not simply to maintain sufficient confidence in sterling to keep the hot money she already holds, she can probably keep that only by attracting more and circumscribing the scope of economic policy still more closely; reluctant to lower Bank Rate or to follow the Germans and the Swiss in their interference with the free working of the international capital market, she can only recommend the advance repayment of four paltry monthly instalments to the International Monetary Fund. Until euphoria took hold of her, no doubt, Grandma was acting to avert the risk of an autumn exchange crisis and working on a vague, gold-standard memory that an influx of short-term money is the normal way of gaining time for an adjustment of the trade balance. She is now taking much more than we can afford on the possibility that exports will soon rise sufficiently to pay for the withdrawal of hot money and a return to normal of the pattern of trade finance.

* * *

The immediate outlook for world trade and for British exports is uncertain. The US economy is dithering and will probably continue to dither until the election is over. Exports – 22 per cent up in the first seven months of 1960 – are more buoyant than anything else, but a large part of the rise is due to subsidised cotton and to the jets which the US has forced on the world's reluctant airlines, while much of the rest is dependent on booming production and raw material shortages in Europe. To keep up the momentum, the US will press for widespread cuts in tariffs at the meeting of the GATT which is now in progress; the greater part of the delegates' time, however, will be spent in haggling over the implications of the tariff proposals put forward by the Six and debating whether the disadvantages involved for outsiders in the move towards a common level of tariffs are adequately balanced by the cut proposed in the average level. While this is solemnly going on in Geneva, the future of Europe remains in the melting-pot to which Dr Adenauer hastily returned it when he discovered what the General was up to. Politicians are now buzzing over the dangers of a split in the western alliance, officials are frantically drafting schemes for associating Britain and the Commonwealth with the Six. The situation, though obscure, is clearly more favourable to us than it was a couple of months ago: we have only to wait in tactful silence for Dr Adenauer's proposals and the next Berlin crisis.

Company News

Shell's half-year profits turn out to have been rather better than the market feared. Sales were up by 6 per cent, the decline in margins seems to have come to a stop, and gross profits are down by only 4½ per cent. The loss of the Cuban subsidiary is unlikely to make much difference to profits, for all its £17m of assets.

Bowater's half-year profits are 21 per cent higher than they were last year, but the rate of growth has slackened since then and is largely dependent on the course of US business: a substantial rights issue is on the way.

The *Rank Organisation's* profit is £1m higher at £7.1m, and the high capital gearing has pushed up earnings from 4 to 40 per cent: the dividend has been raised from 10 to 15 per cent and should be maintained at at least that rate after the proposed 1-for-10 scrip issue – the main benefit of the abolition of entertainments tax is still to come.

Norcros, one of the most successful of the new industrial holding companies, has spawned a subsidiary named Southcros and is offering the shares to its shareholders: they are expected to stand high.

TAURUS

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIAN BROADCASTING COMMISSION

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the position of

ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER (PROGRAMMES)

DUTIES: The successful applicant will be responsible to the General Manager for directing and supervising A.B.C. programme activities in radio, both domestic and overseas, and in television, in accordance with the Commission's programme policies. He will be required to supervise the overall planning and presentation of programmes within the limits of available funds and facilities; to maintain and improve programme standards; to plan future programme development; to supervise the work of programme staff; to prepare budgets and control programme expenditure; to develop new programme ideas and to carry out such other duties as may be necessary.
QUALIFICATIONS: This is a senior appointment in the Commission's service and the successful applicant should have a good educational background and wide experience in radio and television programming and administration. He should have qualities of initiative, leadership and imagination, together with a capacity for independent judgment and for the assessment of programme values.
SALARY: £A4,175 per annum plus cost of living adjustment – at present £A102 per annum.
CONDITIONS: This position is on the permanent staff and applicants should be British subjects. Appointment is subject to satisfactory medical examination and a probationary period of six months, after which the appointee will be required to contribute to the Commonwealth Superannuation Fund or Provident Account. Benefits include cumulative sick leave, four weeks' recreation leave per annum and long service leave.
APPLICATIONS: To the General Manager, Australian Broadcasting Commission, Box 487, GPO, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, in an envelope marked 'Confidential-Application', stating age, qualifications and experience and enclosing copies only of references.
CLOSING DATE: 21 September 1960.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited for the newly created post of Senior Prison Welfare Officer at H.M. Prison, Leeds. Candidates must possess a social science qualification and/or extensive experience of social work. Present salary (subject to confirmation) £1,075 with four annual increments to £1,195.

Further vacancies for posts as Prison Welfare Officer are now offered at H.M. Prisons in London, Durham and Lincoln. Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification is desirable. Present salary (subject to confirmation) £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025. London weighting £30.

The above appointments (for men or women) present a challenge in a new field as explained in the Maxwell Report, H.M.S.O. Cmd. 8879 price 2s. 3d. Seniority is transferable from the Probation Service and pension transferability applies from civil service and local authority schemes. Further details and application forms (which must be returned by 30 September) from General Secretary,

NADPAS,

66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

SOCIAL Worker. Surrey County Council invite applications from experienced Almoners and other suitably qualified social workers for two vacant full-time posts: (i) Almoner for a Chest Clinic area in Metropolitan Surrey incorporating some casework in the Council's expanding scheme for family social service, (ii) divisional social worker for family casework in the North-West health division of the County based at Woking. Successful candidates will be required to work within a team of social workers, each under a Medical Officer in her own area of the County. Salary and conditions of service as for Almoner-in-sole-charge (Whitley Council (PTA) scale) for both posts. Applications, with names of two referees, to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. (Kingston 1050, Ext. 132) by 30 September 1960.

SPANISH-speaking teachers needed for Language School in Spain. Send details, references: Academia Britanica, Cordoba, Spain.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SIERRA LEONE (FOURAH BAY COLLEGE)

Applications are invited for the post of DIRECTOR OF EXTRA-MURAL STUDIES. The Director has the status of Senior Lecturer. Salary scale: £1,700 x 75 – £2,150 p.a. plus Head of Department allowance of £150 p.a. FSSU Outfit and family allowances (maximum £300). Passages on appointment, annual leave and normal termination. Part-furnished accommodation at reasonable rent. Duties to be assumed on 1 January 1961 or as soon as possible thereafter.
Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 30 September 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM – PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL AND FAMILY CARE SERVICE

Vacancies exist for trained social caseworkers in the above service. The work includes mental health community care and work with problem families.
Salary scale APT I (£630-£785 per annum) or APT II (£765-£880 per annum) in accordance with qualifications and experience. Minimum qualifications Certificate or Diploma in Social Science. Preference will be given to candidates with mental health or generic training. Medical examination. Superannuation scheme.
Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham 3, to whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be addressed to arrive by 19 September 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lecturer in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post in the Department of History and Political Science. Applicants should have an honours degree. A special interest in the comparative study of political institutions or the analysis of political society is desirable, but not essential. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Approved fares to Christchurch will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 Sept. 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Junior Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post in the Department of Modern Languages. Applicants should indicate the branches of French studies in which they have special qualifications and interests. A good command of spoken French is essential. The salary will be £900 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,100 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 14 October 1960.

SHEFFIELD International Centre. Warden required for early Oct. or as soon after as poss. Post calls for initiative in arrangement of social and educational programme, and sympathetic approach in dealing with some 40 nationalities. For full details send s.a.e (f'cap) to 25 Broomhall Road, Sheffield 10.

ST BERNARD'S Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Occupational Therapists (Male or Female) required. Candidates should possess the Psychological qualification. National Whitley Council Scales. Established. Accommodation available for single females. Applications giving full details of age, experience, etc. with names of three referees, to the Physician Superintendent.

RE-ADVERTISEMENT Applications are invited for appointment as National Youth Officer for the Co-operative Youth Movement. The Officer will work within the headquarters staff of the Education Department but will be expected to undertake visits to clubs and groups throughout the country. Salary within scale £780 x £25 to £980. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further details from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd., Stamford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned by 17 September 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VAC.—contd on p.363

The Vital Link

Sir Winston Churchill has published his war memoirs. So have most of the Service Chiefs. Each wrote from his own angle and produced different interpretations of the crucial stages of the war.
Of all of them General Lord Ismay was in a unique position. As Chief of Staff to Minister of Defence and Sir Winston's personal representative on the Chief of Staff Committee, he was the vital link between the politicians and the Service Chiefs. He had a hand in everything that happened. He is now publishing his own story. He does not go in for sensation and he has no axe to grind. But he gives a highly personalised account of the war's highlights as seen from the very centre.

The Memoirs of GENERAL LORD ISMAY

Extracts will appear in

The Daily Telegraph

from next Monday, September 12th

The Chess Board

No. 565. Beware Of The Iceberg

The submerged part, of course, is so much more dangerous than can be expected from whatever superficial menace might be visible at first glance; just so, a chessplayer's actual moves may well be rather less interesting than those well enough considered but duly rejected. /1kt bq1rk1/3r1p1p/p1p1pp1Q/1p6/PbpP4/2Kt2KtP1 /1P2PPBP/R4RK1/. Nimzowitsch may well have been tempted by . . . K-R1, so as to utilize the open Kt-file; but he did play . . . BxKt, fully aware that the more obvious move would have given Capablanca the chance of forcing the win by (2) Kt-K4, B-K2; (3) KKt-Kt5, PxKt; (4) Kt-B6, BxKt; (5) B-K4 etc. Or take this position (Alexander-Gligoric, 1951): / r1b2rk1/ 1p2bppp/ 2ktppkt2/ p5B1/ Pq2P3/ 1KtKt1QP2/1PP3PP/2KR1B1BR/. Black played (1) . . . P-R3!, seeing as well as his opponent that the luring attempt to catch the Queen by (2) B-Kt5 could be refuted by . . . Kt-Kt5!

'The clash of mind against mind' is what *Gerald Abrahams* calls it in his *Chess Mind* recently reissued as a *Penguin*-book; most commendably too since this is, indeed, one of the books apt to make the reader think for himself rather than stay in the rut of 'established' variations. In the chapter 'Varieties of error' there are quite a few good examples of how to use common sense in seeking the most forceful rather than the most obvious move. Take this position (Geller-Averbakh): /3r4/5p1k/ 4p3/1R5P/2p5/2p1P3/1p6/4R1K1/. Black did win, but not with the obvious . . . P-B7; he had to look a little deeper to find . . . R-Q8!

The final part of the book 'The chess mind in action' has been brought up to date by the inclusion of a good many games from recent grandmaster practice. There are 47 of them, copiously annotated, and facing such an *embarras de richesse* I might as well pick the one game of his own rightfully included by the author in such illustrious company, for it certainly is a very pretty game. (Abrahams-Zuckerman, Nottingham 1936). No space, alas, for the author's very thorough notes.

1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2) P-QB4, P-QKt3; 3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; 4) P-B3, P-B4; 5) P-Q5, P-Q3; 6) B-Kt5, QKt-Q2; 7) P-K3! (P-K4?), P-Kt3; 8) KKt-K2, B-Kt2; 9) P-KR4, P-QR3; 10) Kt-Kt3, P-KR4; 11) B-K2, Kt-R2; 12) P-B4!, P-B3; 13) Q-B2, KKt-B1 [. . . K-B2??, of course, would be crushed by 14) QxP ch!!]; 14) B-Q3, K-B2; 15) O-O, Q-K1; 16) P-B5, PxB; 17 PxP ch, K-Kt1; 18) R-B7, Kt-K4; 19) QR-KB1, B-B1; 20) B-B5, PxP [. . . KtxR is even worse]; 21) BxB, PxKt; 22) B-K6, KtxB; 23) PxKt, R-R3; 24) Kt-Q5, R-QR2; 25) Kt-B4, K-R1; 26) Q-B5, Q-QB1; 27) KtxP, KtxR; 28) KtPxKt, Q-B1; 29) KtxB, KxKt; 30) R-B4, R-Kt3; 31) R-R4, R-R1; 32) Q-R5, K-B3; 33) P-K4!, K-Kt2; 34) Q-R7 ch, K-B3; 35) R-B4 ch, KxP; 36) Q-B3 ch, leading to a forced mate with the Black K way down on his opponent's home-square.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced a speedy win very neatly. How? For 6 & 7 ladder-points, **B** (a draw) and **C** (a win) are equally celebrated pieces by one of the greatest study composers of all times, the latter a 'Nowotny' remarkable for its pretty 'echo'.

A: Gerald Abrahams

Usual prizes. Entries by 19 September.

B: A. A. Troitzky, 1923: /7k/3p2p1/2p5/5P2/ 2P5/K7/16/.

C: A. A. Troitzky, 1908: /8/6pl p1PKtP2k/ 3r3p/8/2P5/2b2PP1/6K1/.

REPORT on No. 562 Set 20 August

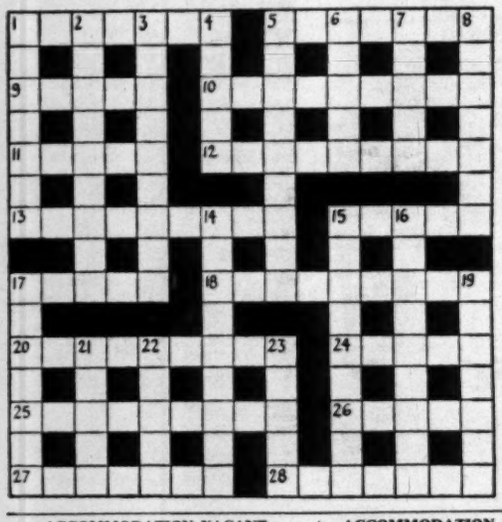
B: (1) . . . R-R6; (2) B-Kt6!, R-R8; (3) B-Kt1 etc.
C: (1) P-B6, P-Kt7; (2) P-B7, P = Q; (3) P = Q ch, K-R2; (4) Q-B7 ch, K-R1; (5) B-Kt2 ch, B-K5; (6) Q-KR7!! etc.

Diagram A erroneously omitted, hence it shall not rate in the ladder. Prizes: E. Allan, J. W. Ecelson, C. H. Brown, J. F. Kahn, S. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 422

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 422, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 20 September.



ACROSS

1. Cried in being married without a ring (7).
5. If there were no heart in the char's work, it would be showing low spirits (7).
9. Conclude in vain fertility (5).
10. They provide support for a broken-down steed among friends (9).
11. If this mistake took place in the cold it would be ruined (5).
12. Soldier sees the sailor win most of the drink (9).
13. Fry as a critic (9).
15. The subject makes a convulsive movement about work (5).
17. Hook for the corner (5).
18. Providing treatment for the senescent multitude (9).
20. The fighting man makes speech relative between the poles (9).
24. Run away like a man without credit (5).
25. Turns once composed into pieces of music (9).
26. '"High diddle diddle" Will rank as an ——' (Gilbert) (5).
27. Copper collections for parsons (7).
28. Hurried about the measure and took a rest (7).

DOWN

1. Inflammation that makes one a bit depressed (7).
2. The children are both out of condition and well (9).
3. Try hard as always in school (9).
4. Drank up in the HQ (5).
5. Regulates the prices of fashions (9).
6. Force which starts to hold (5).
7. The cross I value (5).
8. Concerning a part of the body which may be astir in the middle (7).
14. These are necessary for men-at-arms (9).
15. Happen to disconcert a sprinter (9).
16. Trio for king and queen? (9).
17. Kesselring's poison (7).
19. For most of the match practised extortion as one played for money (7).
21. A name highly prized in the film world (5).
22. Discourage with a relative conclusion (5).
23. Makes a home in the meanest squalor (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 420

M	A	P	P	I	N	G	■	W	A	R	M	E	S	T
A	■	H	■	C	■	A	■	E	■	R	■	R
R	A	I	S	E	■	T	I	T	I	L	L	A	T	E
S	■	L	■	C	H	E	■	A	■	T	■	S
A	P	I	A	R	Y	■	G	R	O	T	T	O	E	S
L	■	P	■	E	■	W	■	T	■	E	■	■
A	L	P	H	A	B	E	T	I	C	■	A	C	I	S
■	■	I	■	M	■	R	■	G	■	D	■	O
F	A	C	E	■	T	E	C	H	N	I	Q	U	E	S
E	■	■	V	■	W	■	T	■	V	■	R	■	P
R	A	D	I	A	T	O	R	■	B	A	T	T	L	E
U	■	I	■	U	■	L	■	O	■	G	■	S	■	N
L	O	N	G	L	I	V	E	D	■	A	T	H	O	S
E	■	G	■	T	E	■	E	■	T	■	I	■	E
S	P	O	U	S	E	S	■	S	L	E	E	P	E	R

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 420

D. Page (London, SW2)
D. P. Martindale (Shaftesbury)
Wm. P. Lavin (Glasgow, SE)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

WC1. Share flat, own large comf. bed-sit. Term-time. From October for 2 years. Female. £3 15s. p.w. HOL. 1937.

GIRL offered own room in flat, Primrose Hill. £3 10s. PRI. 2353.

FURN. room: large bed-sit., share kit. Nr Heath & Golders Green tube. £3 3s. Student/teacher pref. Box 7179.

SUNNY furn. sgle room, newly conv., bthrm, sep. kit. 3 gns. PUT. 5131.

WELL-furn. sgle b/s., mod. quiet clean house, con. h.w., linen. HAM. 8698.

BLACKHEATH. Furn. sgle rm w. kit'te, el., c.h.w. 50s. LEE. 3951 evgs.

PLEAS. sgle b/s. Highgate. Mod. rent, redn occas. babysitting. MOU. 2894.

GOLDERS Green. Furnished rooms, all facs. 1 min Tube. Coloured students welcome. SUN 1482 after 6.

SUNNY furn. divan rm avail. for young woman. 50s. incl. service. MOU. 5916.

YOUNG man offered bed-sitting room, use kitchen, bath, in another's flat Fulham Road. £3 10s. RENown 6913.

TO let, Islington. Large (16' x 14') well windowed room, concealed cooker, £3 3s. p.w. Another room £2 p.w. TER. 6873.

IDEAL for student, business girl. Attract. room, charming part NW8. Low rent in exch. agreed number trouble-free sitting-in evgs. Full independence. Box 7086.

LEWISHAM flat-mate sought (£30); kit., bath, TV. 15 min. Charing X, City. Box 6915.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

THIRD young man to share flat W. Hampstead. Phone HAM. 7289 evgs.

QUALITY is the key-note of our service. If you need clean and comfortable flats and flatlets which have been personally inspected by us then contact Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

COMF. room overlkg forest, peace, quiet, free to responsible person having frequent charge of happy, obedient boy 6½, out of school hrs. Suit writer. Elizabeth Smith, 152 Princes Rd, Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG couple seek reas. flat nr East End. Phone SOU. 3810 evenings.

MARYLEBONE district: furnished or unfurnished large room with cooking and bathroom facilities wanted by two young nurses, or would share flat. Willing to baby-sit. Reasonable rent. Box 7063.

PUBLISHER'S editor and schoolteacher seek unfurnished flat NW London. Minimum three rooms. Box 7116.

ACADEMIC wants immediately: furn. s/c. flat, two rooms, kitchen & bathrm. Low rent. Central situation preferred. No restrictions. Box 7124.

COLLEGE lecturer requires pied-à-terre Central or South London Mondays to Fridays academic terms only. Breakfast unnecessary. Could part furnish. Box 7139.

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in simple country house in lovely valley. 8 gns; weekends and Christmas 25s.-30s. daily. Also sm. furn. cottage. 'Steanbridge', nr Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2093.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country 3s posted Victor Hilton, 5 Sundial House, Torquay.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

SUSSEX. 18th-century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, bkfst. Downland walks, ½ hr coast. Tel. 1773.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Llanrwst 166.

RECULVER Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent. Late holidays. Christmas. Conferences. Always open. Licensed.

CAMBRIDGE. The Old Crown, Girton. B. & b. £1. Basins all rms. Tel. 76147 l.

WIESBADEN Hotel Rose. International Hotel, with every comfort, own Thermal Springs; ideal all the year round. Brochure. Cables: Rosotel.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

EDUCATION – have you a problem? Send it to ACE. The Advisory Centre for Education, non-profit making, independent, impartial, provides expert advice on educational matters for a subscription of 10s. a year. Write ACE, 18b Victoria Park Square, E2.

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'WHICH?' helps the shopper to choose wisely by reporting on the value for money of goods and services. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1

'EXTRA Verse', 2s. 2d. from P. Williams, 96 School Rd, Birmingham, 13.

TEA and Sympathy and Secondhand Books at Oppenheim's Bookshop, 13 Exhibition Rd, nr S. Ken. Tube. Open Sat. p.m.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London WC2.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8 MAI 3030

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR, we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

APPOINTMENTS—contd from p.361

BBC requires full-time Accompanist in Glasgow. Duties include performances of any description as required on the pianoforte, or on any keyboard instrument on which selected candidate may be proficient – playing orchestral keyboard parts, chamber music, interludes, fill-ups, solo recitals or performances aggregating less than 12 minutes in the course of a single programme. Qualifications: professional training, wide experience in accompanying work. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.434 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ASSISTANT Welfare Officer, male or female, Welfare Department, County Borough of Dudley. Salary APT 1 (£610-£765). Applications are invited from persons with suitable qualifications and/or experience of local authority services provided under the National Assistance Act 1948, to work mainly among aged and handicapped persons. The person appointed will be responsible for casework in an area of the Borough. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the Chief Welfare Officer, Council House, Dudley, Worcs. by Monday 19 September 1960.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE County Council, Children's Committee. Resident Deputy Matron required at the 'Highfield House' Children's Reception Home, Welford Road, Northampton, which accommodates approximately 20 children, aged 5 to 15 years. Salary according to qualifications and experience, within the scale £420 to £520 per annum (less £120 emoluments), plus £25 per annum responsibility allowance, plus a further £30 per annum if the candidate holds a residential child care certificate. Applications, giving age, experience and qualifications, together with three names for reference, including present employer, should be forwarded to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Northampton, within 14 days of the appearance of the advertisement. J. Alan Turner, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Northampton.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE County Council, Children's Committee. Resident Deputy Matron required at the 'Eastfields' Children's Home, Victoria Road, Rushden, accommodating approximately 20 children, aged 5 to 15 years. Salary according to qualifications and experience, within the scale £420 to £520 per annum (less £120 emoluments), plus £25 per annum responsibility allowance, plus a further £30 per annum if the candidate holds a residential child care certificate. Separate accommodation available for married couple. Applications, giving age, experience and qualifications, together with three names for reference, including present employer, should be forwarded to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Northampton. J. Alan Turner, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Northampton.

MIDDLESEX County Council. (1) Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd at new Child Guidance Centre, Church Lane, Kingsbury, NW9. PTA quals. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical 'A' Scale £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, 65 Forty Ave, Wembley, returnable by 29 Sept. (2) Part-time Psychotherapist for 2 three hr sessions p.wk reqd at Willesden Child Guidance Clinic, 22 Brondesbury Villas, Willesden, NW6. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate mental health training and/or equivalent experience in Child Therapy essential. Fee 55s. 6d. per session. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. GP), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, SW1, returnable by 29 Sept. (3) Part-time Leader (male) and Part-time Assistant Leader (female), with training and experience reqd at Jewish Youth Clubs in Willesden. Remuneration 29s. 6d. (or 35s.) and 22s. respectively per evg. Appln forms and full particulars (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 16 Sept. All posts: prescribed conditions. (E.323 NS).

CHILD Care – Housemother required at Dixcot, 8 North Drive, SW16, a home for 20 difficult girls between 11 and 15 years deprived of normal home life. Residential experience with adolescent girls essential. Single accommodation only. £555 – £595 less £138 for board etc., 4 weeks leave. Apply Children's Officer (WDO/NS/2263/9) County Hall, SE1.

FAMILY Service Units requires men and women caseworkers for the further extension of its pioneer work. Salaries £625 to £850 p.a. Children's allowances. Training provided. Case discussion and individual casework supervision. Further information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

CATERING organisation with several branches in London has vacancy for understudy to the head of unit specialising in salads of an unusual and interesting kind. Flair for attractive presentation of food and capacity to get on with people more important than professional catering experience. Box 7065.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE John Lewis Partnership invites applications from women between the ages of 25 and 40 and willing to work in any part of the Country for training in any part of the Country for training during training not less than £700 a year. All workers are partners and share all profits, with good holidays, sick pay, shopping discount, subsidised meals and non-contributory pension scheme. Women with a real interest in shopkeeping should apply, giving full particulars including education and career to the present time to Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co. Ltd, Oxford Street, London, W1, by 17 September, and those selected for interview will hear before 26 September.

FIELD Worker. The Women's Co-operative Guild requires energetic woman, having a thorough knowledge of the Guild, and free to travel about the country, to organise the opening of new Branches. The appointment to be experimental for two years in first instance, subject to three months' probation. Salary, £600 per annum and expenses. Applications stating age, qualifications and names of two referees to reach 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1, by 24 September.

NATIONAL and Local Government Officers Association (NALGO) has vacancies at head office for (a) Copy Typists (salary £225-£565, commencing point according to age and experience), (b) General and Junior Clerks (£225-£770). Excellent working conditions in modern building; 5 day week; good holidays; pension scheme; staff restaurant; sports club. Excellent prospects in go-ahead trade union. Apply in writing to the General Secretary, NALGO, NALGO House, 8 Harewood Row, London, NW1.

HOUSEPARENTS required, young adult spastic centre near London. Full social life, congenial surroundings. Box 6783.

ESTABLISHED London importers high quality German electronics components require young salesman with knowledge radio and electronics industries, some commercial experience and technical background for progressive position. Write in confidence stating education, experience, salary expected. Box 7036.

DO you like Books and People? Centrally located bookshop needs assistant capable of taking charge of Paperback Department. Previous experience not essential. This is an ideal post for an intelligent and efficient woman able to assume responsibility. Write fully Box 7114.

SECRETARIAL Assistant (part-time, approx. half) for Architectural Research Unit at University College London (Gower St, WC1) dealing with problems of hospital planning; interesting post for competent secretary/shorthand-typist, preferably with experience or interest in this field. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

WE offer £11 for s/typist who would appreciate informal atmosphere of a public relations and press bureau. Hard but interesting work. 5-day week. Outstanding applicant could expect more than £11. Phone Agnew, FLEet Street 5828.

CLERK-typist required for the Accounts Department of the Labour Party. Shorthand-typists are also required. Please write giving details of experience and qualifications to the General Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

PART-time shorthand-typing, 15 hours weekly. Write Secretary, Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

INDIA Government Tourist Office – Director requires Sec./Sh./Typist to start immediately. Phone TRA. 1717 or write giving details of experience to 28 Cockspur Street, SW1.

BAKER St. Best office posts at Aster Agy, 231 Baker St, NW1. WEL. 3582.

SECRETARY 22/28 for Advertising Agency, W1. Salary £650. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

CLERK/Typist, intelligent woman 25-40 with good typing reqd for research institute W1. Sal. £8-£10. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SHORTHAND typist reqd for interesting work at Headquarters of Prison Welfare Service. Office near Victoria Stn. Civil Service pay and conditions. Apply Gen Sec, 66 Eccleston Sq, SW1.

PART-time or full-time Secretary with good speeds willing to teach Shorthand/typing wanted by West End school. Teaching experience and knowledge of one foreign language an advantage. Box 6751.

A WIDE choice of interesting posts from Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq, W1 (opp Dickins & Jones). HYD 6471.

EXPERIENCED Secretary required for young Architects' Office, W1. Graduate pref. but not essential. Box 7103.

GIRL for antiquarian booksellers, Lond. Expnce unnec, but typing and good educl background essentl. £500 p.a. 5-day wk. £550 p.a. 5½-day wk. Box 6488.

THE lowring herd winds slowly o'er the lea' – but why stay with the herd and low? Aim high with a good job through The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, next to Gamages, HOL. 6390

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man, 24, qualified to GCE 'A' level, seeks opening in social work. No experience, but very keen to enter this field. Box 7005.

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MEURSAULT-CHEVALIERES

1953

22s. a bottle

This is a burgundy for the connoisseur, an outstanding Meursault from the Domaine of M. R. Monnier.

In the Burgundy district few wines are as yet Domaine-bottled (which is equivalent to the Chateau-bottling of Bordeaux); but the custom is increasing among many growers of bottling their greatest wines at the domaine. These wines are called 'domaine-bottled' and the proprietor is proud to put his name on the label.

Our authority recommends this Meursault-Chevalières for its freshness, delicacy and finesse which is exceptional, and considers it worthy to appear on a gourmet's table.

Any selection of six bottles or more will be sent free of carriage charges.

Obtainable from:

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD,
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or

Harvey House, Dept B, 40 King Street, London, SW1.

PERSONAL

CHEERFUL housekeeper for widower, two children 8, 5, urgently needed. Flatlet and remuneration. Might suit married couple. Tel. PUT. 0548.

ART student going to Paris to spend the New Year wishes to form a small party of intelligent (but lively!) friends. Details from: Sheila Killeen, Box 7019.

MONTHLY meetings for gramophone recitals and discussion circle in East Finchley district. Please write if interested: Box 6970.

ITALY. Business trip or holiday. Experienced traveller with free time would help plan & act as your Courier/Counsellor/Chauffeur/Interpreter. Car if necessary. Interview. Nom. fee. Box 7023.

OXFORD or Cambridge graduate, interesting opportunity with really good prospects. North-West provinces specialised Cinema Art centre and further potential activities. Only men who can dedicate themselves apply: Box 7089.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus., Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY 6093.

HOBBLEDEHOY? Recent Paintings by Reiss Howard at Raille Gallery of contemporary youth – See Exhibitions.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. – The Regent Institute (Dept. T/191A), Palace Gate, London, W8.

ARE you impatient when old traditions delay the application of modern knowledge to human problems? You will meet kindred spirits in the Progressive League (N2), 20 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

FOREIGN Languages on Records Visa-phone French, German, Russian (soon) £8 11s. Interpret Holiday Courses £3 12s. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish, German 37s. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS. 7223

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

HOLIDAY Help: Educated foreign girls want 'au pair' posts for 2-4 mths. ACB Ltd, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

PARENTS invited to call with school-leaving sons and daughters. Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM 6644

POLITICALLY frustrated? Send s.a.e. for details of progressive party now in formative stage. Box 6322

SOME good companions (3 men, 6 girls) wanted to live it up with me on a skiing holiday. (27 Dec.-9 Jan. Austria, £28 7s.) Anyone interested please write, Patrick Bannard, 'The Cedars', 15 St Margaret's Drive, St Margarets, Middx.

FRENCH girl skiing New Year in France would like company of English boys and girls. Write please Mlle. Anne-Marie Bessières, YWCA. 57 Gt Russell St, Lond, WC1.

TWO Hundred Prizes offered in 3rd annual Story Contest. Easy-to-enter details from 'The Writer', 124 New Bond Street, W1.

PERSONAL — continued

PICASSO Exhibition. Special Evening Visit to view Picasso Exhibition for ICA members by courtesy of The Arts Council and the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, Tuesday 13 September, 8.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Numbers are limited. Tickets must be obtained in advance from ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St, W1. Members 10s. and one guest 10s.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

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HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Ter, W8

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

AUTHORS invited submit MSS all types (inc. poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe. (Estab. 1898).

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) au pair (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd SW7 KEN 8806

LECTURE CRSES etc.—contd from p.364

RUSSIAN Language & Literature Native graduate tutor Experienced prep. all exams espec. Degree. Box 6472.

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

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3rd Bath Bach Festival. 22-29 October. 14 Concerts, 40 Soloists. Complete Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath (3d. stamp).

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society (Conductor: Martindale Sidwell) invites new members. Rehearsals Weds. 8 p.m. Kynaston Sch., St John's Wood, NW8. Christmas Oratorio, Verdi Requiem, Kodaly Mass. Partics from Secretary, Bankside, 71 Frognal, NW3. Tel. HAM. 1688.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 11 Sept.: 'The Tales of Hoffmann' (U). From 12 Sept.: Films by Nouvelle Vague directors. Louis Malle's 'Les Amants' (X) with Jeanne Moreau.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun. 11 Sept. 6 p.m. Comédie Française in Beaumarchais' play 'The Marriage of Figaro' (U) with music by Mozart; 8.30 p.m. Russian Colour Film of Dostoievsky's novel 'The Idiot' (U). All seats bkble. WAT. 3191.

JOIN the L.O.S. Film Society, 154 Bayswater Road, W2. Write for details.

EXHIBITIONS

PICASSO prints from 14s. to £4. Details of these and full range of other reproductions, catalogue 2s., from Ganymed Press, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Hobbs and Robert Law: work by 2 British Artists. Until 17 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Admn. free. (See Personal column).

BOMBERG David: Important Retrospective Exhibition, City of Coventry Herbert Art Gallery. Until Sat. 24 September.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Mon. to Sat., until 30 Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

'MODERN American Painting' 1930-58 Exhibition. York City Art Gallery, Exhibition Square, York. 20 Aug.-15 Sept. Only UK showing. Mon-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 2.30-5. Admission free.

JAMES McNeill Whistler. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, SW1. Till 24 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

PICASSO Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery Till 18 September Weekdays 10-8; Suns 2-8 Admn 3s 6d (Note late openings daily).

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

HOBBLEDEHOY — Cycle One. Recent paintings of contemporary youth by Reiss Howard. Raille Gallery, 24 Islington Grn., N1. Mon.-Sat. 10-6. Till 17 Sept.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd. W9 Tube: Warwick Ave Abstracts & Waterways by Harry Gordon Until 28 Sept. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Jadot and Stephenson, till 21 September, 10-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henry Mundy – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 30 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition – Recent Acquisitions. 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

PART II Artists of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries. Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery. Avinash Chandra – Paintings. 7 September – 1 October. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings and Drawings by Henry Sanders. Daily incl. Sats 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings and Watercolours by Alan Reynolds. Hours 10-6 pm. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Exhibition closes 30 Sept.

ST George's Gallery Prints. Brian Perrin etchings of Welsh Landscape with associated drawings. 6-30 September. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Wkly 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings: John Wells. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Jeannette Jackson. Andal. Recent Paintings and Drawings. 12 Sept. to 1 Oct. Daily 10.30-6, Sats 10.30-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

'WHAT is wrong with politics?' Lecture by Michael Stewart, MA, MP on Thurs. 15 Sept. 7.15 p.m. at Friends Meeting House, Euston Road, NW1. 1s. at door. Details of other WEA activities and classes in Cent. London from Mrs T. N. Golding, 37 Breamore Road, Seven Kings, Essex.

THE International Language. An introductory talk and demonstration lesson next Friday at 7 p.m. London Esperanto Club, 153 Drummond St, NW1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HOW Much Do You Know? – About the background to economic policies? – About booms and slumps, full employment, the Common Market, wages, taxation, subsidies, inflation, land speculation, etc., and the fascinating moral and economic implications of present-day political and economic thinking? 10-week evening courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin at Victoria, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Tues. and Thurs. 27 and 29 September. Classes also to be held at New Eltham, Dartford, Welling, Beckenham, Sevenoaks, Muswell Hill, Romford, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Liverpool, Cardiff, Dundee and Glasgow. For full particulars of day and time and prospectus, write to The Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1, or telephone VIC. 4266. Nominal fee for the course is 5s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Prof. John Lang on 'Problems of Democracy in the newly-independent African States'. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 14 Sept., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Art. A discussion on the book, 'Art and Illusion' by E. H. Gombrich. Speakers: Michael Kitson, Richard Wollheim and Denis Duerden. Chairman: Eric Newton. Mems. 1s. 6d., guests 3s. Thurs. 15 Sept., 8.15.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 11 Sept. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Edith Hunter, 'The Old Order Changeth'.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 16 Sept., 8 p.m. Pushkin Club journey to Russia – impressions by travellers.

HAMPSTEAD Parliament. Join London's oldest Model Parliament. New session begins 14 Sept. Meetings Wednesdays 8 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall. New members and visitors welcome. Details from F. D. Hunter, 156 Etchingham Park Road, N3. Tel. FIN. 4963.

'GROWTH Through Self Effort'. Public lecture. 11 Sept., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2.

INDIAN Socialist Group London, H. V. Kamath P.S.P. on China and India, 5.30 p.m., Saturday 10 September, Meharally Hostel, 31 Kilburn Park Road, NW6.

AN EVENING of Topical Discussion: New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 14 September, at 8 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 14 Sept., 6.30, 'What use is Zen?' Miss P. Kennett. Also Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). 17 Sept., 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313

SATURDAY, 10 September, 9 p.m., The Partisan, Carlisle St, Soho. Iris Orton, Long John Baldry: Poetry and Blues, 2s. 6d. incl. coffee.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10. Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs 15 Sept, 7.30 Kingsway Hall, The Hon C. Subramaniam, Minister for Finance and Education, Madras (guest speaker): Place of Religion in Education.

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—continued

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Prospectus and further particulars from the Principal (PADdington 0450 after 6 p.m.)

WOOLWICH Polytechnic, SE18. The School of Art announces two series of lectures. 'The Unconscious Roots of Art'. Lecturer: Anton Ehrenzweig LL.D. Commencing Thursday 6 October, and 'A Basic History of Art'. Lecturer: Raymond Watkinson. Commencing Thursday 13 October. Applications for enrolment to: The Headmaster, School of Art, Woolwich Polytechnic, SE18. 'Phone WOO. 2856.

72 'Leisure-Time' Courses in Religions of the World, Philosophy, International Affairs, Parliament Weekly, Exploring England's Counties, Natural History, Gardening, Languages, History of London, Literature, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel – Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Medau Rhythmic Movement, Woodwork (Men and Women). Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1 (EUSton 1816). Courses commence Monday 26 September. Enrolment from Monday, 19 September. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

DIPLOMA in Sociology. London University Extension Lectures held at the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency. 1st year course on Social History starts 29 September. 24 weekly lectures. Fee 25s. Details: ISTD, 8 Bourdon St, Davies St, W1. (MAY. 3472).

FREE to NCLC Trade Unionists: Public Speaking Class: Tutor: Miss Vera Gough, Author: 'Speaking is Your Business' Commence Weds 28 September 7.15 p.m. (6 weekly classes). Transport House, SW1 Apply: S. Bidwell, NCLC, 26 Cherry Avenue, Southall, Middx. 'Phone: SOUthall 2008.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Sq, SW1 Term commences 10 October. Classes and lectures on Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11,000 vols. Courses at the Spanish Universities. For full detls apply to Secretary, SLO. 8381

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28 St John's Wood Rd, NW8. New term begins Sunday, 11 September at 10 a.m. when new pupils will be enrolled. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

PENDLEY Manor, Tring, Herts. Interesting Weekend Courses – 23-25 Sept, Quality & Design in the Home. 1-2 Oct, Child Psychology for Parents.

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.363

HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW WHATS COMING OVER PAUL THESE DAYS- HE SEEMS TO BE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE!
YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT- LAST WEEK HE SHAVED HIS BEARD OFF AND THREW ALL OUR FREUD VOLUMES OUT OF THE WINDOW!
HE EVEN TOLD ME OFF FOR LETTING THE CHILDREN READ THE KINSEY REPORT AND YESTERDAY - HE WENT AND GOT A STEADY JOB!
-AND NOW THE IDIOT WANTS US TO GET MARRIED!
GASK

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